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Broadway Translations

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

To HAROLD COX

O pluck no more the rose
In Persian gardens gay,
Nor scarlet lotus choose
By lakes of far Cathay
My Delia's lips more fragrant are
Than all the flowers of Alcazar.

O seek no more the land
Where ancient jewels gleam,
Green jade of Samarcand,
Red rubies from Pereem.
My Delia's eyes more brightly shine
Than any stone in Indian mine.

F. A W.

Broadway Translations

THE GIRDLE OF APHRODITE

THE COMPLETE LOVE-POEMS
of the
PALATINE ANTHOLOGY

Translated by
F. A. WRIGHT
With an Introduction

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INTRODUCTION

I. THE ANTHOLOGY

THE Greek Anthology, as we have it in the manuscript preserved in the Palatine Library at Heidelberg, consists of some four thousand poems arranged according to subject-matter in fifteen books. This collection was made in the tenth century—a few years before the battle of Hastings — by a Byzantine scholar, Constantinus Cephalas; but from the beginning of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century it disappeared into oblivion. Its place was taken by an epitome, and by the rule that holds almost universally in ancient literature, the epitome displaced the complete book.

In this case the epitome was the work of a certain Maximus Planudes, theologian, scholar and diplomat, appointed in the year 1327 A.D. by Andronicus as ambassador of the Greek Empire of Constantinople to Venice. Planudes took the Anthology of Cephalas and reduced the fifteen books to seven, omitting, as he says, 'the many unseemly epigrams' which had found a place in the first collection. He maintained the division by subjects, and subdivided most of his books into chapters, alphabetically arranged.

The first three of his seven books contain the Rhetorical, Sepulchral, and Convivial epigrams, the arrangement of Cephalas being followed fairly closely. The fourth book consists of epigrams on works of art; the fifth deals with statues and buildings at Constantinople; books six and seven are made up of Dedicatory and Amatory poems, the latter book not being divided into chapters.

This was the only form in which the Anthology was known to the world through the Renaissance period, the first printed edition by Lascaris appearing at Florence in 1484; and we can see now that it was a very blurred and imperfect copy of the original. A comparison of the two Anthologies, that of Planudes and that of Cephalas, will show that Planudes apparently allowed his moral preoccupations to interfere with his critical judgment. He selects those epigrams which we could willingly forgo, he omits those which seem to us the most desirable. Often also he fails to do what he ought to have done, by gross carelessness in transcription; while he does what he ought not to have done, by rash alterations and expurgations of the text.

Still, such as he is, Planudes served his purpose until on a winter's morning in 1606 there occurred one of those romantic discoveries that so agreeably diversify the history of classical scholarship. A young French student, Saumaise, recommended by

the learned Casaubon to the still more learned Scaliger, as 'juvenis ad miraculum doctus', was reading in the library of the Count Palatine at Heidelberg. He was just eighteen, the age of a sixth form boy now at a public school, but he was already able to decipher ancient manuscripts, and to deal as a master with their contents. From the shelves that day he took down a parchment book, a long quarto of seven hundred and ten pages, and before long he realized that he had before him an Anthology altogether different from the Planudes with which he was familiar.

So it was that we regained the real Anthology, although Saumaise himself never published a complete text. If his portrait does not slander him he became in manhood an extremely unpleasant person, and found more delight in engaging in a fierce quarrel with Milton — a quarrel which cost his opponent his eyesight—than in contributing to the sum of general happiness by an edition of a cheerful book. The manuscript was sent as a piece of booty in 1623 to Rome, and there remained unnoticed for many years. In 1777 another Frenchman, the Alsatian Brunck, published from it his 'Analecta', and in 1797 the manuscript again as booty was transferred to Paris. At the end of the Napoleonic Wars it returned to its original home at Heidelberg, and was at last edited and given to the world by a great scholar, Friedrich Jacobs of Leipzig.

The Greek Anthology then for modern readers,—whether in the Paris Didot edition or in the convenient Loeb Library or in the Teubner which Stadtmüller's death unfortunately left unfinished—consists of sixteen books, the fifteen books of the Palatine manuscript and a sixteenth book as appendix containing those epigrams that appear in Planudes but not in Cephalas. These are almost entirely on works of art, a section apparently missing by accident from the Palatine manuscript, and there is only one amatory poem, a pretty trifle by the Byzantine Julian.

A garland once of flowers I wove
And in the roses found young Love.
I took his wings and in my cup
Dipped the fair rogue and drank him up.
And now those wings within me move
And all my heart is thrilled with Love.

A. P., 16, 388.

But although there are sixteen books they are by no means all of equal interest, and if the first three books disappeared they would be no great loss. Book I contains one hundred and twenty-three Christian epigrams—"Even if the pagans be displeased" says the scholiast "let these pious and godly Christian poems have precedence." Their precedence, such as it is, is one of place rather than merit, and they possess about as much poetical charm as the more obvious kind of evangelical hymn.

Book II consists of only one poem, but it is very tedious, a description in hexameter verse by Christodorus of Thebes of the statues in a Byzantine gymnasium. Book III is slightly better, for it is not so long; nineteen short epigrams on the sculptured reliefs of a monument at Cyzicus. In Book IV we get the first poem worth transcribing, the Proem to the 'Garland' of Meleager, followed by Philip's brief imitation and by the long and tiresome preface to the 'Cycle' of Agathias. Book VI consists of three hundred and fifty-eight epigrams written to accompany dedications of temple offerings. The most lifelike are those composed by Leonidas of Tarentum for working-folk; but many are merely poetical exercises and yet very charming: the first in the book, for example, by Plato on Lais' looking-glass as Englished by Matthew Prior.

> Venus, take my votive glass:
> Since I am not what I was,
> What from this day I shall be,
> Venus, let me never see.

Book VII, the great sepulchral section, is the only real rival to Book V. The seven hundred and forty-eight epitaphs, some real, some imaginary, cover the whole range of Greek history and are of the most diversified character. The finest are those in the grand style by Simonides, the most attractive perhaps the Wordsworth-like records of simple lives by

Leonidas. Book VIII, the poems of St Gregory of Nazianza, appears in our collection by error; Book IX, the rhetorical epigrams, is the longest of all the divisions and the most unequal. Much of it is very dull stuff drawn from Roman and Byzantine sources, the chief contributors being the two Antipaters of Sidon and Thessalonica, the two Leonidas of Tarentum and Alexandria, Antiphilus, Crinagoras, Philip, Palladas and Agathias. After Book IX the hortatory and convivial poems come as a relief, for they are as near as the Anthology gets to humour. Palladas here indulges his savage cynicism to some effect and Lucilius and Nicarchus, although their wit is rather mechanical, are interesting both in themselves and as the models on whom Martial so vastly improved. Book XII, Strato's 'Musa Puerilis,' deals with an aberration from which the modern world happily has escaped: some of Meleager's most graceful poems have been included by mistake and give the book a certain value. Books XIII, XIV, and XV are short and of no great importance. The first contains thirty-one poems in various metres; the second is a strange collection of problems and riddles in verse; the third a miscellany with a few trick pieces as the only items of interest. Book XVI is the appendix from the Planudean Anthology.

From this brief analysis it will be seen that the fifth book is likely to be the most attractive portion of the Anthology for the general reader. Temple

dedications and sepulchral epitaphs have no very close connection with us, and neither Greek rhetoric nor Greek humour makes a strong appeal to the modern mind. But Love is a universal divinity, and never grows old; while as it happens, Asclepiades, Meleager, and Paul, the three poets who figure most brilliantly in the Anthology as a whole, find in the fifth book their best representation.

II. THE POETS OF THE FIFTH BOOK

The epigrams in Book V range in date over a period of nearly fifteen hundred years—from Simonides in the fifth century B.C. to Cephalas in the tenth century of our era—and they are obviously drawn from a variety of sources. The arrangement of our text is somewhat arbitrary, but it is possible to discover, with a fair amount of certainty, what were the anthologies that Cephalas had under his hand when he was making his final selection.

The first in time, and by far the first in value, is Meleager's 'Garland' which is placed here in the middle of the book, the epigrams numbered 134 to 215. Next in merit, last in chronological order, is the 'Cycle' of Agathias from which Nos. 216-302 are taken. Then comes a small section, Nos. 104-133, from the 'Garland' of Philip of Thessalonica, the

majority of the thirty poems being either by Philomedus or by Marcus Argentarius.

So far we are on sure ground; and there is perhaps little doubt that the last seven epigrams, short, of no great merit, and of varying dates, are merely accidental omissions from the main body of the book. But the origin of the first 103 epigrams is a more difficult question. This section is less pleasing than most and offers grave difficulties to the translator: several poems are brutal, several obscene and the worst offenders seem to be parasite Greeks of the Early Empire pandering to the debased fancies of their Roman masters. Stadtmüller supposed that Rufinus, whose own poems form a considerable proportion of the whole, was himself the selector of the other pieces and that he lived about the time of Hadrian. On the whole this is as likely a theory as any; but until we learn something definite about Rufinus, his birthplace, date, and career, a theory it must remain.

From these collections Cephalas drew his material and we have now between forty and fifty writers represented in Book V. Many of them are men of little importance, while several poets of distinction, —Simonides, Leonidas, Palladas for example— although their names appear, are plainly out of place in a collection of amatory verse. But Meleager by the poems in this book alone, restricted though they be by style and subject, shows himself a true

genius; and Paul and Asclepiades are but little his inferiors. The others are on a lower plane. Philodemus and Marcus Argentarius are perfect examples of the minor poet, writers of *vers de société*, for whom love is an elegant amusement rather than a serious interest. Agathias and Rufinus are like the curate's egg, good in parts, in parts distinctly offensive. The rest are, as individuals, negligible; but as representatives of a school, grouped round one of the greater poets, they are of more significance and it is as members of four such schools, taking their names from the four great cities of the ancient world that they may be most conveniently treated.

Of the nine Alexandrians represented in this book the first three, Asclepiades, Poseidippus, and Hedylus, came at the invitation of Ptolemy Soter to Alexandria from Samos, where as joint associates in a poets' club they had published a volume of verse, the 'Soros' or 'Garner.' Leonidas of Tarentum and Nossis of Locri, the one woman poet here, were Greeks of Southern Italy, contemporary with Pyrrhus and his struggle against Rome. Callimachus of Cyrene, chief librarian at Alexandria, and Diotimus of Miletus are a little later in date and belong to the reigns of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Ptolemy Euergetes. Then comes an interval: Alcaeus of Messene took such part as a poet can in the Second Macedonian War B.C. 198 and made himself equally objectionable to Philip and to Flamininus.

Dioscorides, the last of the group, flourished about the middle of the second century B.C.

In refinement of technique and in mastery of the elegiac couplet the Alexandrians are easily the first of our four schools. The elaborate rules they made for themselves have been discussed by Reitzenstein, Geffcken and Rubensohn and it is not necessary to enlarge on them here. A poet's criticism both of them and of their predecessors, a criticism in which one illuminating comparison will take the place of pages of analysis, is to be found in the

PROEM TO MELEAGER'S GARLAND

DEAR Muse, for whom bringst thou this sheaf of songs,
Tell me to whom this poet's crown belongs?

My Muse replied—'Tis Meleager's skill
To keep fair Diocles in remembrance still.
Here Anytë's and Moero's lilies meet;
Sappho sends roses, few but roses yet.
Spring flowers of Melanippus bloom with these,
And the fresh vine shoots of Simonides.
The scented iris buds from Nossis came,
Her tablet's wax all melted by Love's flame.
Rhianus lends the amaranth's perfume,
Erinna safran sweet as maiden's bloom.
The song-birds' hyacinth Alcaeus gives
And Samius the dark-sprayed laurel leaves.
Leonidas his ivy clusters twines,
With the sharp foliage of Mnasalcas' pines.

Poets of the Fifth Book

The songs of Pamphilus like plane trees wide
Have Pancrates' dark walnuts by their side.
Sea poppies verdant mint and poplar white
Euphemus, Tymnes, Nicias unite.
Dark violets Damagetus brings to greet,
Callimachus the myrtle acid-sweet,
Euphorion adds the campion's rosy ease,
Spice of the Muses Dioscorides.

These are the flowers that first the poet took,
Behold the second chaplet of his book.

From Hegesippus clustering grapes he culls,
And Perses' scented rushes deftly pulls,
From Diotimus takes the quince he hides;
Menecrates pomegranate flowers provides,
Nicaenetus gives branches of the myrrh,
Phaënnus terebinth and Simmias pear,
The parsley too that in pure meadows grows
Parting its tender flowers Parthenis shows.
Bacchylides the bright corn's golden ears
Sprinkles with honey of the Muses' tears.
Anacreon's songs like honeysuckle wild
His elegies pure nectar undefiled.
The tangled thorn bush with its blossoms grey
Yields for Archilochus the salt sea spray.
Young olive shoots deck Alexander's head,
Fair Polyclitus water lilies red,
Polystratus the poet's marjoram loves,
Antipater dark Sidon's cypress groves.
As Hermes' gift we know one clear-voiced bard,
His is the fragrance of the Syrian nard.

Hedylus and Posidippus add their own
To the wind flowers of Sicel's noblest son.
One golden bough from Plato the divine
Doth in its radiant perfection shine.
Aratus too borne up on starry wings
The firstborn tendrils of the high palm brings.
Chaeremon lotus gives with tresses bright,
Antagoras the ox-eyed daisies white,
Phaedimus the phlox, Phanias the cornflower blue,
And Theodorus fresh wine-loving rue.

These flowers our poet culled with new-formed leaves
And with them his white violets interweaves;
Let all who love come now and freely take
This mystic garland for the Muses' sake.

Alexandria, as a literary centre, was slowly decaying throughout the second and first centuries before our era. During most of that period the Greek world was passing through the painful process of subjugation by Rome and had little time or inclination for poetry. The first sign that the operation was over was the appearance of a small group of four Syrian poets, who from the chief city of the Syrian Empire may be called the School of Antioch. Their first master, and one of the first interpreters of Alexandrian Literature at Rome, was Antipater of Sidon, a familiar figure in Roman society to the generation before Cicero. Antipater, however, although he is a very prolific contributor to the Anthology was not a love poet, nor is Archias of Antioch, probably

the person for whom Cicero wrote the celebrated defence, at all copiously represented in the Fifth Book. On the other hand Meleager and Philodemus, pre-eminently 'bards of passion and of mirth', have some seventy poems here, and in their verse so plainly reveal their character, thoughts, and emotions that nothing more now need be said about them.

Meleager ended his 'Garland' with his own poems and Philodemus is the first of those Romanized Greeks who supply the materials for the collections of Philip of Thessalonica and Rufinus. The list is a long one, but several writers in this book have only one single epigram. From Philip's 'Garland' come Philodemus, a client of the great Piso family; Crinagoras, the court poet of Augustus, many of whose epigrams are as official as Horace's Odes; Antipater of Thessalonica, also of the Augustan age; Antiphilus, Automedon, Parmenion, Diodorus; most characteristic of all, in his blend of fancy and common-sense, Marcus Argentarius.

It is probable that Philip's anthology was published about the middle of the first century A.D. and all these poets lived before the reign of Nero. They have their faults of taste and their conception of morality is not very elevated but when compared with Rufinus and the poets of his collection they seem worthy and respectable people.

Cillactor, Nicarchus and Gallus are perhaps the most

brutal and offensive of Rufinus' men; Rufinus himself is not so much brutal as indecent, so indecent indeed on occasion as to be almost laughable. His taste is deplorable and the scholiast is not a whit too severe when he says of his atrocious parody of the Judgment of Paris—"a poem immodest and corrupt, overflowing with shamelessness"—And yet, as will be seen, from the poems in this book, he can when he likes write with real tenderness and feeling.

After Rufinus there is a gap of almost two centuries in which the silence of Greek poetry is only broken by the faint voices of Quintus Smyrnaeus and of Nonnus. About 400 A.D. there appears at Alexandria the strange and lonely figure of Palladas and then there is another hundred years' interval. Finally towards the middle of the sixth century a supreme effort, and at the court of Justinian and Theodora Greek art in all its shapes revives. Architects like Anthemius, generals like Belisarius and Narses, jurists like Trebonian, historians like Procopius, novelists like Eustathius unite their efforts at Byzantium in one miraculous outburst. And the poets collected by Agathias in his 'Cycle' are not the least wonderful of the band. Paul the Silentiary is a genius, superior to the restrictions of time and place. But the other members of the school, Agathias himself, Macedonius, Julian, Irenaeus, Cometas, and Rufinus Domesticus, in the extreme old age of the Greek language, all

write with surprising vigour and skill. The last third of the Fifth book which, excepting the introductory verses by Cephalas, contains the latest in date of the contributions to the Anthology, is one of the most marvellous things in the history of literature.

III. LOVE IN GREEK LITERATURE

The relations between men and women, and the emotions arising therefrom to which we give the name of love, have always been a favourite theme in literature. Nor is early Greek poetry an exception to the rule. Both the Iliad and the Odyssey have a strong feminine interest, and it may be noted that in the Odyssey at any rate the two sexes stand on a fair footing. The faithful Penelope is in status at least the equal of the almost-faithful Odysseus, and her love for him has no more trace of feminine humility than his for her has of masculine arrogance. Nausicaa is apparently left with a considerable amount of freedom to dispose of her own hand in marriage, and Circe and Calypso in their love affairs exercise an almost excessive liberty of choice. But there is nothing else in Greek quite like the Odyssey, and in the Iliad, although the affection between Hector and Andromachē is a noble feeling nobly described, the sentiments of Achilles towards Briseis are very much those of a jealous owner for a particularly valuable piece of property.

The lyric poetry of the seventh and sixth centuries might be expected to give us a mass of material dealing with the softer emotions: but it does not. The fragments of Sappho, Alcaeus, Archilochus and the rest are tantalizingly small, and before the period ended the Ionian spirit, which degraded women and love alike, had triumphed. The Athenians of the fifth century kept their women in a harem: a wife had but little place in her husband's life and but little place in literature. It is unnecessary here to enter into the causes and results of this deplorable situation, but it may be noticed that even language reveals the inferiority of the woman's position. An Athenian wife in common parlance was her husband's 'woman.' If he spoke poetically, she was either his 'tamed creature' or his 'bedfellow.' The highest compliment he could pay her was to say that she was 'his bedfellow for the production of children.'

This was the usual conception of woman's place in society and Attic literature is deeply tainted with an artificial misogyny which had for its chief object the justification in men's minds of the inferior condition to which women had been reduced. Socrates and his followers, Plato, Euripides, Xenophon, all did their best to raise the level of sentiment, but so long as the old close system of the city-state remained, there was little chance of improvement. Infidelity on the part of the husband was regarded as an almost necessary

diversion: infidelity on the part of the wife was an unpardonable crime. For a man to seduce an unmarried girl was an error that could easily be forgiven: even to attempt to seduce a married woman, the property of another owner, was to risk the most severe and drastic of penalties.

We see the last stages of this social degradation in the plays of Menander and his contemporaries. It is commonly said that love is the main theme of the New Comedy, but it is a love that scarcely deserves the name. The seduction of a willing, the violation of an unwilling, girl by the hero is usually the central feature of the plot. A child is born and secretly disposed of, the girl is handed over in marriage by her father to his neighbour's son: then by a happy coincidence it is discovered that the girl's new husband is after all the father of her child and so the hero's character, with no expense to himself, is saved. Or again, a young man is in love with a slave girl, a courtesan by trade and the chattel of her keeper, and loses possession of his mistress: the intrigue consists in attempts, usually conducted by the hero's valet, to regain her person: finally a chain of accidents establishes the fact that she is free-born and their connection is rendered respectable by a formal marriage. Tricked out by moral sentiments and witty dialogue this was exactly the stuff to please the degenerate Greeks of the third century, but in

itself it is worthless. Grace of language and skill in stagecraft cannot disguise the utter absence of any true philosophy of life, and the cold brutality towards women which is the last stage of the libertine's career has never been more openly displayed than in the scene from the Samian Woman, where the unfortunate Chrysis is flung back upon the streets to degradation and death. The new comedy has all the qualities of our Restoration stage: those who can appreciate Congreve may perhaps enjoy Menander: to most readers now, both authors seem merely unreal.

But while Athens was still clinging to the worn-out past, the conquests of Alexander had brought fresh life to the Greek world, and Alexandrian literature is profoundly modified by new influences. Macedonians from the north, Jews from the east, Dorians from the western colonies in Sicily, all found a common centre in the capital of the Ptolemies, and a new literature begins, expressive of ideas on sex and nature, still then unknown in Greek. The Macedonians had always lived nearer to nature than the dwellers in the cities of Asia Minor and South Greece, and the influence of northern scenery on a sensitive mind is plainly seen in Euripides' Bacchae, the most romantic of all tragedies. Their women too had never been forced into the position of servitude to which Athenian wives were schooled. They claimed and held a place by the side of men,

and Alexander, the conqueror of the world, was far more the son of his mother, Olympias, than he was of his father, Philip.

From the very beginning then of the Alexandrian period one predominant fact alters the whole tone of literature. Suddenly, and for the first time in Greek, love between men and women becomes the chief theme of poetry. It is not one lost poet, Antimachus of Colophon, as Mr Benecke strangely imagined, who is responsible for a change of attitude so vital as this. Literature is only the reflection of life, and Alexandrian literature gives women a new and sudden importance side by side with men, just because in actual life they occupied that position. An Alexandrian housewife walked abroad as she liked, talked with strange men, and criticized her husband; and the consequence of this freedom was that love between the sexes became possible.

It must, however, be acknowledged that this love, as expressed by most of the Alexandrian poets, is neither very passionate nor very sincere. Asclepiades, Poseidippus, and Callimachus all write love poems, but they conceive love merely as an ornamental embroidery to the serious business of life. Even Theocritus, the forerunner of romance, for all his sympathy with nature and delight in beauty, lacks the intensity of emotion that true love poetry requires.

He is so full of the joy of living, so interested in all that meets the eye, that he has no inclination to probe into the secret places of the heart. Callimachus, the head of the school in its middle period, seems to have exactly satisfied the taste of his age, and he approaches love frankly from the standpoint of the dilettante. Of sentiment and of love-making he gives his readers plenty, stuff as artificial and attractive as 'The Rape of the Lock' or 'Le départ pour Cythère'; but even when he is telling the romantic tale of Acontius and Cydippë he seems to have avoided any touch of real passion. His men are gallants, his women coquettes; and though the sexes meet on equal terms they meet as duellists, with all the insincerity of mimic strife.

There is only one Alexandrian who takes himself and love seriously; and Callimachus did his best to ruin his career. Apollonius of Rhodes conceived his 'Argonautica' in the true spirit of romance and were it not for its literary form it would almost fulfil our definition of a romantic novel. It is a story of love and adventure; the hero and heroine, Jason and Medea, are young people, brave and innocent, irresistibly drawn one to another; after dangers and difficulties they are united, and the story closes with their marriage. Such a treatment of such a theme had no precedent in Greek literature. Pindar, in the greatest of his odes, tells the story of the Argonauts,

but he hardly troubles to describe Medea as an individual: for him she is prophetess, queen, magician: of human feeling he says little. Euripides on the other hand, in his tragedy, makes of her a character intensely alive, but for him she is the embittered wife, ill-used and therefore dangerous: the romance of her youth has no place in the drama, she is a cynical and disillusioned woman, neither feeling nor evoking love. The treatment that Pindar and Euripides give the story is conditioned by the circumstances of their age. Apollonius looks at the tale from a new standpoint and gives us for the first time a picture of the dawn of love in a young girl's heart. From Medea's first sight of Jason when "her soul was filled with shy speechlessness and she could only dart at him bright looks while her heart panted within her and the colour of her soft cheeks came and went," we see all the long process of delicious agony and innocent shame.

A second time, herself unseen, she gazes on the stranger and "her thoughts went winging after him like a dream, the vision lingers still; and surely, she thinks, there can be no other man alive like him: terribly was she afraid for the youth and in her grief and pity a tear ran slowly down her cheek."

So fear and desire fight their battle within her: she steals from her room to seek comfort with her sister, and three times turns back again, falling face downward in agony upon her bed and "all her body was on fire and each fine nerve, deep down beneath

the nape of the neck where the pain of Love enters keenest". Her sister finds her and by an ingenious turn of the story aids unconsciously in bringing the lovers together. Medea with her twelve maids goes to meet the prince and when at last she sees him face to face "her heart fell from out her bosom, her eyes were covered in sheer darkness, a hot blush mantled her cheeks. She had no strength to lift her knees backwards and forwards, her feet were rooted to the ground." For a time the lovers stand "without a word, without a sound, like oaks or lofty pines which stand quietly side by side on the mountains when the wind is still": then the attendant maidens draw aside, the two talk together and at the end love's victory is won: "she cast down her eyes with a smile divinely sweet; and her soul was all confused within her, uplifted by his praise, nor did she know what word to utter first, but was eager to pour out everything at once. Her heart grew hot and melted all away, even as the dew melts round roses when it is warmed by the morning's light."

It is a unique and triumphant innovation, this analysis of virgin passion and Apollonius only just failed to produce a masterpiece. The mechanical difficulty of form is his fatal stumbling-block: his medium, the heroic hexameter, hampers rather than helps him: the conventions of the epic are continually obtruding and giving an air of artificial grandeur to scenes that require a method of simple realism. There is the

substance of a great novel in the 'Argonautica': in its epic form it is a glorious failure. With difficulties of form the elegiac poets had not to contend, and the nearest approach in Greek to love poetry, in our sense, is made by Meleager. Meleager of Gadara, that little town in Palestine which a hundred years after his birth was to be the scene of such strange happenings, is himself also something of a miracle. Late in time though he comes, his poems have all the freshness of youth and from those oft-pressed flowers, the rhythms and melodies of Greek speech, he extracts a new and sensuous perfume. He confines himself to the elegiac couplet, but with him the austerity of the early epigram disappears, and we hear the intoxicating music of the East, such strains as the women of his own country used to weep the dead Adonis. All the magic of Eastern scents and Eastern blooms fills his verse; he too has considered the lilies of the field and seen their glory and he has never forgotten the romantic splendour of that sight.

Like Herrick Meleager finds his favourite themes in flowers and women, and to every aspect of nature he responds with a sympathy common enough in modern but rare indeed in ancient poetry. Love is his real religion and for love personified, the boy Eros, he has a thousand names: Love the Reveller, Love the Runaway, Love the Painter, Love the

Sailor; most frequent of all Love the Bird-snarer, catching the hearts of men.

But even Meleager, although he is a great lover, is not a perfect lover; he is too much under the empire of the senses, too much the victim of his own wayward and perverse fancies. Still of all the ancients he comes closest to true passion and with him this summary may well end, for soon after his death a new spirit begins to emerge. To trace the slow and hesitating appearance of romance in literature is a fascinating task, but it would take us beyond the limits of this book. Romantic love, like tobacco and one or two other things, was one of the alleviations of life which the Greeks of the ancient world failed to discover. They were a wonderful people and in the sphere of art and of intellect there was little that they did not know. But in the sphere of conduct and of the emotions they were more fallible, and in love they seem to have made two cardinal mistakes. They attached too much importance to physical beauty and they were too vagrant in their affections. Marcus Argentarius gives a corrective to the common view in his epigram—"It is not love to love the fair" (A. P., 5, 89); but usually when a Greek was in love it was for a short time with a young woman because of her bodily attractions; and she was not his wife. Of the delights of marital constancy and of the unselfish devotion—its own highest reward—which

even in the physical act sets the other's pleasure above one's own, they had little idea. As for the spiritual passion of a Dante for a Beatrice, that emotion which transfigures carnal love and takes from it all its grossness, of this it is to be feared that even the closest study in Greek literature will find no trace. The Greeks simply failed to discover its possibilities; but only the cynic will say that they did not discover it because it has no real existence.

IV. TRANSLATION AND TRANSLATORS

Verse translators from Greek and Latin may be divided into two classes: those who attempt the impossible and fail, gloriously or ingloriously; those who essay a more reasonable task and achieve perhaps a measure of humble success. The numbers in the first section are surprisingly large; apparently to these romantic spirits an honourable defeat is more attractive than an easy triumph. Even the boldest, it is true, shrink from Pindar and walk very warily about an Aeschylean chorus; but every generation sees fresh corpses added to the pile round Homer and Sappho and Horace. There seems a sort of fascination in these three, which lures the victim on to a siren shore and leaves his bones whitening on the sand. It is evidently not a matter of reason, since to the logical mind it is plain that there is no model in English which one can use to

reproduce Homer's music, and that therefore failure is certain. The Homeric hexameter is miraculous in its lightness and strength: the English hexameter, like the English Sapphic, is a monstrosity, an abortion which can give no pleasure to any one except its producer. With Horace—that other candle for fluttering moths—the case is rather different. We do not with him lack English models, for there are many of our poets who have written in the Horatian style, and have equalled, if not surpassed, him in lyrical beauty. What makes Horace impossible for the translator is his 'curiosa felicitas'. The marvellous workmanship of the Odes, where every word is deftly fitted into its place in the mosaic, cannot be taken to pieces. Or rather, the words can be taken to pieces, but within the limitations that English puts on word-order they cannot be pieced together again satisfactorily; for it is their position in the line that gives them half their significance.

In fact, the more perfect the poet—and Homer and Sappho are as supreme in the natural as Horace is in the artificial style—the more impossible it is to transpose his music into another language. Where sound and sense are indissolubly mingled, nothing can be done. A prose translation may give the bare sense of the words and serve as an orchestral score: but if you want to hear the actual performance of the symphony, you must go to the original. It is

the second-class men—the Anthology poets in Greek, the elegiac poets in Latin—that give the translator his chance. Curiously enough, the elegiac metre is much more amenable than the hexameter or the various forms of lyric. The two lines of the elegiac couplet can be divided easily, following their caesura, into the short four-line stanza which is perhaps our most familiar medium in verse. If variety is needed, it can be obtained without difficulty by the use of single and double rhymes, or by leaving the first and third lines open, or by playing on the very large number of combinations possible in the number of syllables in each line. A two-line epigram falls almost naturally into a four-line stanza; a four-line epigram either becomes two stanzas, or else it may be turned into our six-line stanza, the fifth and sixth lines rhyming together and thus suggesting the falling cadence of the pentameter. A six-line epigram similarly may be done in two or three stanzas, while if the piece extends beyond eight lines we have a convenient medium in our rhyming ten-syllable couplet.

The choice of verse-form then does not need much labour, while as regards English models we are even more fortunate. Any one at all acquainted with the poetry written in England between 1550 and 1650, before the Puritans cast their blight upon our country, will feel himself upon familiar ground

when he comes to the Fifth Book of the Anthology. 'England's Helicon', published in 1600, is a fairly close parallel to Meleager's 'Garland', and Campion at his best is not unworthy to stand beside the Syrian. Whether many of our poets had a profound knowledge of Greek is doubtful; but nearly all of them were Latinists, and their favourite authors—Ovid, Propertius, Martial, Catullus—are so deeply imbued with Greek colour that even at second-hand the original source of inspiration is obvious. Several of them, however, were good Greek scholars, well read in the Anthology, and their loose paraphrases can be used as verse models for a more exact translation. Ben Jonson, for example, may be adapting Philostratus, as is commonly said, in 'Drink to me only with thine eyes', or he may be merely following Agathias (A. P., 5, 261). In any case the elaborate rhythm of Jonson's poem is available now as a model for the translation of the Greek. Donne, again, in the frankly sensual love-poems of his early manhood, is often undoubtedly influenced by reminiscences of his university reading. 'Going to Bed', one of the most charming and least prudish of these pieces, is written exactly in the vein of Paul the Silentiary, and its metre is the natural vehicle for an English version of much of the latter's verse. Jonson and Donne are but two names from a host. Suckling, Waller, Lovelace, Carew; the lesser lights collected in the three volumes of Saintsbury's

'Caroline Poets', men like Shakerley Marmion, Kynaston and Philip Ayres; all the poets of this age look on love so exactly in the Greek manner that their verse, whether intentionally or not, is often the closest reflection of some epigram or other in the Anthology. But of course the great exemplar is Herrick, that old Hellenic priest of Bacchus and Aphrodite. It would be hard for a learned Chinese, with the bare texts of the Anthology and the Hesperides before him, to say which book was the inspirer of the other. They are both golden apples from the same tree. Herrick catches the exact spirit of the Greeks, and his lyrics will suggest a model for those epigrams that are not suited to the stricter framework of couplet or stanza.

With such resources at his disposal, if a translator of the Anthology fails, the failure must be attributed to his fault, not his misfortune. The two essential qualities are readableness and fidelity. How far the latter of these two claims is satisfied in this volume may be easily tested if any one will turn to the excellent prose version by my friend, the late Mr W. R. Paton, in the Loeb Library. But I must confess that in my opinion a prose translation of a verse author is of little value; and that a verse translation, however faithful, is not much better unless it can be heard with pleasure. It has been my first effort then to produce something which

can be read aloud without offending the ear. The chief difficulty is that in poetry also tastes differ. Some years ago it would have been necessary to apologize for perpetrating rhymed verse; to-day I believe it is not so, and the fashion of 'vers libres' is dying away quickly even in France. In the meantime, however, some very harsh epithets—'childish, barbarous, old-fashioned, out-of-date'—have been used of rhyme, and these objurgators have the support of at least two respectable authorities. Milton is austerely severe—'Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; . . . a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight'. A later and very different poet is even more abusive.

> O qui dira les torts de la Rime!
> Quel enfant sourd on quel nègre fou
> Nous a forgé ce bijou d'un sou
> Qui sonne creux et faux sous la lime.

But in spite of the English puritan and the French satyr, the normal ear, I think, still finds in rhyme the chief attraction of poetry. It may be a trivial ornament, as Milton says, but it is pleasing; and in dealing with trifles, such as are most of the poems in the Anthology, its triviality is no great defect. At any rate it is the one grace of verse that English possesses

and Greek lacks, and for that it may be used with thankfulness. I know only one absolutely perfect translation, the version of Plato's epigram to Aster. Here nothing is put in, nothing left out, nothing altered—the slight heightening of colour in 'myriad' is rendered necessary by the English misuse of adjectives,—and in rhyme, to my ear at least, we find a real equivalent for the exquisite vowel modulation—a—e—o—of the Greek.

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
οὐρανὸς ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω
A. P., 7, 669.

Thou gazest on the stars:
Would I might be,
O star of mine, the skies
With myriad eyes
To gaze on thee.

CONSTANTINUS CEPHALAS

PREFACE

HERE of youthful hearts I sing,
And of Love's spring blossoming,
Kindling once again the fire
That was lit by young Desire.

STHENELAIS

SHE SETS the town ablaze;
  Each eager gallant flies,
His hard-won treasure pays
  And 'Sthenelais' cries;
Nor recks the price if he may take
The girl who soon his life will
    break.

Ah, happier I than they!
  No gold of mine she took,
But with me she did stay
  Until the red dawn broke.
The dream-god brought her to my
    side
In all the pomp of beauty's pride.

Yes, then in sleep revealed
  She gave me joys unbought,
My bed did pleasures yield
  Which prayers in vain besought.
Vainly do lovers moan and sigh—
A dream can heal their agony.

CHRYSILLA

GONE are the gray mists, Chrysilla, of morning,
Long have we heard chanticleer's jealous cry,
Sending to lovers his message of warning,
Herald of envious dawn in the sky.

Curses upon thee, thou creature remorseless;
Thou shalt not banish me thus from my bliss;
Back to my comrades so dull and resourceless
Chattering ever of that or of this.

Nay but, Tithonus, thy vigour is waning;
Why dost thou drive fair Aurora away?
Still it is early: thy manhood regaining
Give one hour more to your marital play.

XANTHO

POUR IN the oil, our lamp must drink to-night,
The silent witness of Love's secret rite.
Then go, Philænis, and shut close the door,
Men's prying eyes young Cupid doth abhor.
And when she's gone, dear Xantho, you and I—
But hush! for us alone Love keeps his mystery.

THE LAMP

FAITHLESS is she, but faithful I,
  The silver lamp that Flaccus gave,
Who on her nightly lovers spy,
  The men that Napë have.
Beside her couch I droop forlorn
Seeing the baseness of the girl
    forsworn.

And thou, dear Lord, dost sleepless lie
  While anxious thoughts thy spirit
    fret,
Tormented in thine agony
  By cruel cares beset.
Though we are severed far, dear friend,
We both are burning to a bitter end.

IONIS

TO FAIR Ionis Callignotus said:
'None will I love but thee, nor man nor maid.'
So did he vow; but lovers' oaths, men say,
Reach not the ears of gods, they go astray.
Now for a youth he burns; and she, forlorn,
Is like poor Megara a thing of scorn.

HERACLEA

THREE TIMES she swore that she
would come
And called the lamp to hear her oath;
Now with another doth she roam
Inconstant to us both.

Bring to my aid thy power divine,
And when she greets her friend to-night
And fain before his eyes would shine
Put out, dear Lamp, thy light.

BROKEN VOWS

THE HOUSE was still, our lamp burned
bright,
We two and none else nigh.
The lamp alone might know our troth
And night's sweet mystery.

He vowed to love me true; I vowed
Never to part again.
Thou sacred Night and thou dear Lamp
Were for us witness twain.

But now he says our vows are dead
Swept by the changing tide;
This eve will see my own false love
Sleep by another's side.

RUFINUS

A LETTER TO ELPIS

I SEND thee greeting, O my sweet,
  And wish thee joy upon this day,
If ever joy and thou can meet
  While I am far away.

Ah no, I can no longer bear
  This loneliness, this misery;
Nay, by thine own dear eyes I swear
  I die away from thee.

Whether I climb Coressus' hill
  Or in Diana's temple bow,
My cheeks are wet with tear-drops still,
  The tears that ever flow.

To paradise I fly from hell,
  To-morrow's dawn shall see me home:
Till then a thousand times 'Farewell,
  Farewell until I come.'

ALCÆUS

LOVE'S VICTIM

I HATE Dan Cupid; he is cruel found
And ever aims his shafts my heart to wound.
'Twere better for him raging beasts to fight—
Why should a god set mortal hearts alight?
What glory will he win by slaying me?
My life, methinks, a paltry prize will be.

PHILODEMUS

LOVE'S SHIPWRECK

VENUS, ruler of the waves,
Who the storm-tossed seaman saves,
As a helper by me stand;
For I shipwreck make on land.

PRODIKĔ

COME let us bathe and let us crown
Our heads with roses. Let us drown
In wine our troubles, while we call
For bigger tankards. Soon to all
Old age and death an end will bring,
And youth and joy are on the wing.

CHARITO

FULL SIXTY summers now have taken flight
And still my darling's cheeks are smooth and white,
Still thick the tresses of her raven hair,
Her breasts unbound like marble take the air.
From every limb ambrosial fragrance breathes
And round her head a magic garland weaves.
With her my heart forgets that youth has flown
And only longs to call her still my own.

RUFINUS

EUROPE'S KISS

ONE fleeting kiss, and on my lip
I feel such sweets as bees do sip.
But if your mouth on mine should
stay
'Twould draw my very life away.

MELITË

WHERE is Polycleitus gone?
  Where Praxiteles his art?
They who could to shapes of stone
  Breath of life impart.

Where to find a sculptor wise
  Who shall limn my lady's hair
And the radiance of her eyes
  And her shoulders fair?

Beauty such as this should be
  Housed within a temple shrine,
That her lovers there might see
  Melitë divine.

ARISTË

SIX NIGHTS have gone, and still I wait at home,
And still she does not come
Only a fragrance lingering in the air
Reminds me of my fair.
Yet every eve the golden hornèd moon
Looks down to see her flown,
And those bright stars that sink unto their rest
Within great Ocean's breast.
A witch is she: methinks I'll hunt her down
And seek through all the town,
Her silver-footed hounds from Venus borrow
And tarr them on. The chase begins to-morrow.

IDOTHEA'S LOVER

GUARDIAN of the wave-swept shore,
  Take these cakes of little price
Which I lay before thy door,
  Gifts of sacrifice.

When to-morrow's dawn shall come
  On the broad Ionian main,
I shall voyage swiftly home
  To my sweet again.

Smile then, Venus, on my love;
  Thou dost rule the marriage bower.
To my ship a saviour prove;
  Thou o'er waves hast power.

RUFINUS

'GIVE ME KIND AMARYLLIS'

COURT no more those ladies fine
Who in silks and satins shine,
Drenched in scent, of love afraid
If they have no waiting maid.

Choose a girl, whose bosom brown,
Teeth, and hair are all her own,
With your Love alone content,
Though no gift of gold be sent.

She will take you when you will
To her arms and love you still,
And like Pyrrhus you shall be
Heedless of Hermionë.

RUFINUS

RECANTATION

STAGS shall feed on gray sea foam,
Dolphins on the mountains roam;
I who once would sport with boys
Now in women find my joys;
Rouge and powder please the eye
That once adored simplicity;
Bats and balls are thrown away
And at shuttlecock I play.

HONESTUS

THE CHOICE

I LIKE not grapes that still are green,
I like not grapes that pressed have been,
And so I would not choose to woo
Widow Glum or Maiden Prue.
Compassion suits the widowed dame,
Respect is due to virgin shame;
My wife a beauty ripe shall be
To tread the courts of Love with me.

PRODIKĔ. THE WARNING

DID I NOT warn you—'All too fast
  Those raven locks will turn to gray.
We're growing old. Youth soon is past
  And you will rue this day.'

Now they are here, the shrivelled arms,
  The snow-white hair, the wrinkled face;
Your lips have spent their ancient charms,
  Your body lost its grace.

To-day do any lovers come
  With eager prayer and flattering cry?
You stand alone, a roadside tomb,
  And careless we pass by.

RUFINUS

BOÖPIS

LIKE some stout ox that patient stands
And bows beneath the yoke's commands,
So Love has given me to thee,
Thy willing servant, dear, to be.

A faithful slave I glad remain,
Contented with my pleasant chain,
Self-bidden thus, nor e'er shall crave
The pains of liberty to have.

And so together side by side
We'll come to our life's even-tide,
Praying that no malignant eye
May strike on our felicity.

TO CONOPION

O CRUEL, cruel! As I lie
  Upon this ice-cold stone,
So may you sleep whose lovers sigh
  In misery alone—
The very neighbours grieve to see
How here I lie in agony.

So may you sleep! Within your heart
  No shade of pity lives;
Your pride in mercy has no part,
  To love no kindness gives.
Soon will the grey hairs come—and they
Perchance will make you rue this day.

LOVE'S PRISONER

FULL WELL I know the grief and smart
That is and will be mine:
Not vain your warning, O poor heart;
But still for love I pine.

'From Heliodora fly'—But how?
I have nor strength nor shame.
The very thoughts that warn me glow
Enraptured at her name.

CYDILLA

THOUGH in Cydilla's arms I lie,
I have no rest from misery.
Like gamblers wild who throw the dice,
Or those that walk a precipice,
So filled am I with anxious pain
At morn and when night comes again.
Yet what avails to sigh and moan?
Bold Cupid claims me for his own;
And though he hale me everywhere
Not e'en in dreams will think of fear.

CONSTANCY

WHETHER thy hair is black as night,
  Or radiant falls in strands of gold,
I breathe the same supreme delight,
  An equal charm behold.
Yea even when those locks are gray
Young Love in them will nested stay.

MELISSA

WHERE NOW, Melissa, is the wondrous glow
Of thy proud beauty, thy disdainful brow,
Thy haughty charm, thy long and slender neck,
The clasps of gold that did thy ankles deck?
Thy hair is rough; rags hang about thy feet;
Such is the end that spendthrift wantons meet.

THE COQUETTE!

ONCE your soft cheeks were smoother far
Than all our Parian marbles are;
But then you turned your face away,
Though now you murmur me—'Good day'.

Once curling ringlets did bedeck
The haughty splendour of your neck,
Now that there are no curls to see
You are content to sport with me.

Well, thank you, No, my proud coquette!
You shall not catch me in your net.
Both rose and briar have a thorn,
But rose I love and briar scorn.

SORDET PECUNIA

SWEET is lovers' wanton play
  If it costs no money.
Paying takes the zest away;
  Gall instead of honey.

HOMER'S TEACHING

HOMER, best of bards we're told,
Says that Love is all of gold;
So if we can pay Love's fee
Doors will open easily,
Porters hurry at your call,
Watch-dogs trouble not at all,
But if you've no gold to pay
Cerberus will bar your way;
Greed is money's rule, my boy,
To rob a poor man of his joy.

THE THREE AGES

THERE WAS a silver age, an age of gold,
And then an age of brass, in days of old.
Like Nestor Venus lived in all the three,
Gold, brass and silver each with her agree.
The man of silver and of gold she loves,
The man of brass with all her heart approves,
And Zeus a hundred guineas had to pay
Before he fell on Danae that day.

TO BEATRICE

YOUR LIPS, dear Beatrice, honey sweet distil,
And bees with Beatrice then do I compare;
The sting comes when I have to pay the bill,
For bees than Beatrice then less costly are.

DANAË (I)

YOU FELL, great Zeus, in rain of gold
When you were fain the maid to hold,
That Danae a gift might take,
Nor at a god in terror quake.

PARMENION

DANAË (2)

ZEUS for gold bought Danaë,
Gold I bring your price to be.
I a mortal cannot offer
More than Zeus himself did proffer.

THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS

MEMBRA trium vidi; nam monstravere puellae,
spectarem ut clunes posteriusque decus.
Prima quidem nituit sulcis signata rotundis,
tangenda et manibus mollia prata dedit.
Altera sed vario fulgebat nuda colore,
vincebatque nives purpureasque rosas.
Tertia tranquillis quatiebat fluctibus aequor,
dum tenerum tergi dividit ipsa cutem;
Talia si quondam vidisset corpora pastor
et tres spectandas nollet habere deos.

THE BEAUTY CONTEST

FULVIA certabat cum Phyllide cumque Corinna,
praedita cruricola quae potiore foret—
Judex factus ego spectavi membra dearum
nuda trium solus melle libata levi.
Fulvia prima venit: micat ut rosa rore corusco,
sic micuit Cyclops inter utrumque femur.
Tum similis statuae monstravit marmora Phyllis
quorum nudata est uda superficies.
Sed bene cognovi Trojani damna bubulci,
virginibusque deis praemia terna dedi.

THE CONNOISSEUR

TAKE HEED and never woman wed
Who is too thin, or too well fed,
Avoid 'too little' as 'too much,'
For then the golden mean you touch;
And shun in matters of the flesh
Deficiency or gross excess.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

BUXOM dames I like them all,
  Be they young or old;
For I love a matron tall
  When her hair is gold;
And if it be turning gray
  Still to please she'll find a way.

LE BON VIVANT

MUST I NOT die? What matter if I go
To Pluto's mansion with a gouty toe?
Whether I totter lame or run all day
I shall not want for bearers on my way.
And so, my boys, as sure as I'm a sinner
I don't intend to miss a single dinner.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER

DON'T HEED your mother. When I've
gone
And left you, Betty, all alone;
If neighbours start to flout and jeer,
Just flout them back again, my dear,
Write me a line to say you're well
And try and keep respectable.

I hope that soon you'll richer be
Than when you shared your lot with
me.
But money now is hardly earned,
So mind and leave no stone unturned.
Not much remains, I'm sore afraid,
When food is bought and rent is paid.

There's one thing more. Pray don't get
wild
Or interfere, if you're with child.
A boy, they say, his father knows
When once into the world he goes.
And so good-bye. Perhaps you'll send
Some clothes to

Tom

Your loving friend.

THE LESSON

OH DEAR, oh dear, the nasty beast
He might have spared your clothes at least,
To strip you bare and turn you out!
He's got no heart, the cruel lout.

And just because he came too soon,
And did not find you quite alone;
What if your fancy boy was there,
All women do the same, my dear.

Well, well: we'll know another day
And will not let him stop your play;
When he is out and some one's in,
Bolt the door first; and then begin.

THE GOLDEN MEAN

I DO NOT love your forward misses
Who think of naught but flirts and kisses;
I do not love your prudish maid
Who sits and frowns, so stiff and staid.
To neither would I plight my troth—
'Too fast'—'Too slow'—I hate them both.

EXPERIENCE

DON'T SHIVER here outside his door
Or spoil your beauty any more,
He must be mad, your Holy Joe,
Nor anything of women know.
Only because your boy was there
To turn you out half dressed, my dear!
Come, dry your eyes and wipe your nose,
You'll soon forget these petty woes,
A kinder lover we will find,
One to your faults a little blind.

PIRATE-CRAFT

THE FRENCHY and the Privateer
Each night you'll see upon the pier,
Or else patrolling in the town
Gulping poor silly youngsters down.
Beware these pirate-craft, my friends;
Such skirmishes have bitter ends.

A MAIDEN'S STORE

IT IS NOT what she reads in books
That gets a maiden off the hooks;
What Nature gives all womankind
Far sooner will a husband find.

THE RENDEZVOUS

GOOD EVENING, miss. Good evening,
sir, to you.
And what's your name? What's your's
I'd like to know?
You're rather curious, miss. You're
curious too.

Are you engaged? To any one I please.
Then sup with me: how much? No
advance fees,
To-morrow you shall pay me at your ease.

Fair terms, my charmer; now when will
you come?
Just when you please. At once? Well,
you are *some;*
I'll tell you where I live, and you shall
take me home.

FAINT HEART

HOW OFT I prayed to hold her in my arms
And take my fill of all her rosy charms;
And yet to-night I have her by my side
While still I faint and motionless abide.
Thou wretched soul, what ails thee! Raise thy head,
Or else from joy be ever banishéd.

RUFINUS

BEAUTY'S AUTUMN

HER EYES like gold, her neck like marble shows,
Her lips more lovely than the reddest rose,
Soft gleams her breast, her cheeks like crystal bright,
E'en silver Thetis' feet were not more white.
Grey thistle-down her tresses dark may stain;
I heed it not, nor scorn the ripened grain.

THREE IN ONE

INDULGERE tribus novit Faustina, virosque
ianua posticum mollia labra iuvant.
Officium pueri praestat praestatque puellae,
nec mora si iuvenis tertius ora petit.

[*MARCUS ARGENTARIUS*]

THE EMPTY PURSE

LOVE plagues me with a double curse,
A wanton heart, an empty purse;
If from his fires I could fly,
I would not heed my poverty.

[*PHILODEMUS*]

THE SECRET

I FELL in love with a fair maid
And she to love was not afraid;
Our lips made answer, kiss for kiss,
And soon we reached love's perfect
bliss.

But who I am and who is she
And how we came thus to agree
All that is still beneath the rose—
Venus alone our secret knows.

A LOVER'S CURSE

WE VOWED that we would faithful be,
Sosipater Arsinoe,
Calling on Love to hear our oath
And be the witness of our troth;
But she is false, her promise vain;
I constant to my word remain.
Come then, dear Hymen, come to-night
And let the gods reveal their might.
No marriage song for her: instead
A dirge to curse her faithless bed.

THE FEAST OF ADONIS

SHE STOOD beside thy bier
  And beat her milk-white breast,
Weeping Adonis there,
  Adonis laid to rest.

And lo her wailing cry
  Did wound my heart within,
'Twere sweet methought to die
  If I her grief could win.

When thou dost put to sea
  And sail death's ocean dark
Take me, dear god, with thee
  And let me join thy barque.

THE SWELLING SEA

NE GRAVIDAM uxorem lecto inclinaveris, Oppi,
adversae veneris gaudia plena petens.
Fluctus enim praecludit iter, frustraque labores;
dum tu iactaris remigat illa mari;
Conversae roseis praestabit clunibus uti,
si modo vult mulier mascula flagra pati.

DIOSCORIDES

THE MARATHON RACE

AD CAELUM ascendi; tenuerunt brachia Floram;
et tetigi manibus roscida membra meis.
Me pedibus medium amplexa est et corpore recto
confecit veneris, nec requievit, iter.
Purpurei languent, dum nos agitamus, ocelli:
ut folia in vento, sic in amore tremunt.
Denique ros album divae libamus utrique;
viribus et fusis corpora lassa iacent.

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INDISCRETION

THEY DRIVE me mad, her rosy lips,
  The vermeil gate of song,
Wherefrom my soul its nectar sips
  And her soft whispering tongue.

Her eyes a liquid radiance dart
  Beneath their lashes close,
Traps to ensnare my fluttering heart
  And rob me of repose.

Her breasts, twin sisters firmly grown,
  A milky fountain pour,
Two hills that Love their master own
  More fair than any flower.

But hush! Why of her beauty make
  A theme for idle ears?
From Midas' reeds a warning take
  What comes to gossipers.

LOVE'S TORTURE

O CRUEL Love, how fierce the fire
  That burns my fluttering heart:
Burn not too often, lest desire
  A runaway depart.

TO CUPID

EMPTY all your quiver on me,
  Every shaft employ,
Cruel hurt indeed you've done me,
  Silly, silly boy.

But at least your chase is over,
  All your arrows gone;
In my heart they've taken cover
  And your sport is done.

THE WASP

'FLY from Love'—'Tis useless pain,
Love has wings.
'Drive him from you'—All in vain;
Like a wasp he comes again,
And he stings.

THE STREAM

MY EYES are dazzled. I have seen a sight,
And still I throb with wonder and delight.
I saw my Lucy as at ease she lay
Splashing her silver feet in frolic play,
I saw the golden apples of her breast,
Their ripened smoothness by the flood caressed,
I saw a roundness in the water gleam
That more relucent than the waves did seem,
While with one hand outstretched for sole defence,
She sought to hide her maiden innocence.

CHECKERS

MY GIRL and I at checkers played,
She laughed and huffed me, saucy jade!
I said—'I've lost twelve moves or more,
To-morrow I will lose a score'.
But when she came I cried—'My dear,
I cannot play till night, I fear'.

UNFADING CHARMS

YOUR BREASTS are apples soft and warm,
Your lips are roses red,
Time cannot touch your golden charm,
Youth's fragrance has not fled;
The face that fired a thousand eyes
Is still for me earth's dearest prize.

THE CHANGE

ONCE you called me '*Sweet*' and '*Honey*',
  Ere in French we learned to woo;
Now your name for me is '*Donney*',
  Mine for you is just '*Na Poo*'.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

COME SNOW, come hail, come darkness drear;
Brood over earth God's darkest cloud,
While fiercely strikes the lightning's spear
And thunder echoes loud.

I shall not falter in my ways,
He will not stay me save by death,
Through all my pains I'll sing her praise
As long as I have breath.

Love is His lord as well as mine,
In golden rain He once did pour
Obedient to love's word divine
And pierced the brazen bower.

'I LOVE THEM BOTH'

TO GANYMEDE an eagle came,
A swan to Leda flew,
Zeus took his joy from both the same,
An equal pleasure knew.

Let some of women's beauty preach,
Of youths let others tell,
I love them both and find that each
Is incomparable.

THE BOWER

I FOUND my love alone
Within her bower,
And to her made my moan,
O happy hour!
I knelt and clasped her fragrant knees
And told my grief in words like these.

'O save me, save,' I cried,
'Before I fall
And vanish from your side
Beyond recall.
Have mercy, see; one fleeting breath
Is all that parts me now from death.'

She wept to hear me speak
My doleful tale:
Softly she dried her cheek,
Her cheek so pale.
But ah! she would not let me stay
And those soft hands drove me away.

THE LURE

BEAUTY'S but a painted fly.
If to keep a man you wish,
Charm's the hidden mystery
That will hook your fish.

POLEMO

THE WINE-BLENDER

CUPID, all our longing end
  And thy power resign;
Or a mutual passion send
Even as we mortals blend
  Water with our wine.

TWICE CONQUERED

WHEN PALLAS saw Maeonis' grace
  And Hera in her golden shoes,
They cried aloud with downcast face,
  'Again the prize we lose.'

Nay, nay, we will not strip again,
  One shepherd's judgement is enow,
'Twere shame to know our beauty vain,
  Our heads once more to bow.

GIFTS

VENUS to thee her beauty lends,
  Spring doth her bloom impart,
Wisdom and virtue Themis sends,
  Persuasion all her art;
The Muses' voice is thine, Athene's
    hand,
The Graces three rejoice to add thee
    to their band.

THE VIRAGO

HER FATHER, he was Battling Fred,
  Her mother Slap-dash Moll,
So it's no wonder now you're wed
  You've found your match in Poll.
A knock-out's sure for you, my boy,
  Each time at home you meet her;
You'd best a fancy-man employ
  To beat your husband-beater.

'ENJOY TO-DAY'

LET LIFE spell pleasure, while the wine-cup flows,
And Maidens dance and Garlands love the Rose.
Away with Grief—One hour and we are gone,
Enjoy to-day, to-morrow no man knows.

TO RHODOCLÈ

YE GODS, what can it be?
  Is Lady Venus bathing there,
  Her tresses loose and shoulders
    bare?
Or what is it I see?

Have mercy, queen, on me.
  It were not right for mortal eyes
  To view thy body's mysteries:
Pity my frailty.

But no: it is not she.
  A woman Venus' shape doth wear,
  Than Venus' self more bright and
    fair.
'Tis Rhodocle.

TO RHODOCLEA

I WENT into my garden fair
Where fragrant posies drink the air,
  And there a wreath I wove;
With tender hands the flowers I
  pulled
And soon a verdant chaplet culled
  To send to thee, my love.

First lilies white and roses see
And then the pale anemone
  New drenched with summer rain;
Here too the soft narcissus lies
And violets with purple eyes
  To bind the scented chain.

Take then this garland for thy head
And in its brightness warning read—
  'Beware, Beware of pride:
Flowers bloom and fade and so must
  thou;
The flying years no grace allow
  And youth will not abide.'

THE GAY LOTHARIO

I HAD a fair neighbour, Miss Nelly her name,
A timid young damsel quite new to the me.
When I first tried to kiss her, she blushed and looked shy,
But she grew more complaisant when no one was by.
Well, so it went on; and I hear from a friend
That our courting has had an unfortunate end.
Now what shall I do? I don't know what to say.
Is it better to stop or to go right away?

METAMORPHOSIS

PERFECT ankles, perfect eyes,
Perfect hair and perfect size,
Breasts like summer roses white,
Cheeks aglow with love's delight.

So she was. But now she's old,
Gray has driven out the gold,
And of beauty ne'er a trace
Time has left upon her face.

Borrowed ringlets deck her brow
And her cheeks are wrinkled now,
Like some agèd monkey when
She has reached three score and ten.

SATIETY

IF WOMEN could but keep the grace
They had when first we wed,
A husband of his wife's embrace
Would ne'er be surfeited.
But when 'tis over——lackaday,
The pleasure seems to pass away.

TO AGATHON

WHEN ON thy mouth my kiss I pressed,
Upon my lips my soul did rest;
It came, poor soul, for all to see,
Hoping to pass from me to thee.

THE LOVE TOKEN

SEE, 'tis an apple I throw you,
  Your heart to prove,
Token of all that I vow you,
  If you will love;
Take it, my sweetest, and bring to my arms
All the fresh fragrance of maidenhood's charms.

But if you mean to deny me—
  Heaven forefend—
Think ere with 'No' you reply me
  Of beauty's end;
Look at this apple and see how its bloom
Swiftly will fade and to rottenness come.

TO XANTHIPPĒ

BEHOLD ME here an apple red,
Thrown by a lover in your bed.
So give your favours while you may,
For you and I must soon decay.

THE ROSE-SELLER

YOU with the roses,
  What have you to sell?
Say, may we buy your posies
  And you as well?
For all the roses' grace
Is in your face.

THE MASSEUSE

PROUD DAMSEL, when you come to tub me,
Such burning currents through me flow,
You scarcely have begun to rub me,
When I am all aglow.

THE WIND

O WOULD I were the salt sea-wind,
And you upon the beach
Would bare your breast and let me blow
Until your heart I reach.

FOLK-SONG

THE ROSE

O WOULD I were the blushing rose
By your fair hands caressed,
That makes more pale those virgin snows
Soft sheltered on your breast.

TO-DAY

WHY, WHY so careful, O my sweet,
  So jealous of thy virgin bloom!
No lover's lips thy lips will meet
  When once to death they come.

Nay, let us live and let us love
  Before we pass in dust away,
And all the joys of Venus prove
  While there is time to-day.

FELLOW-SUFFERERS

COME HELP ME, kind Phœbus; for
    though you are master
  Of all the bow's art,
You found to your cost Cupid's arrows
    fly faster:
  They pierced to your heart.

MELISSIAS

SHE SAYS she loves not; but her limbs
reveal
The darts of Love that she would fain
conceal;
Her eyes deep sunk with purple rings
beneath,
Her faltering footsteps and her panting
breath.
Come, all ye Cupids, ply your fires in
turn
Until the stubborn maid cry out — 'I
burn'.

LOVE THE LINKMAN

QUENCH thy fire, linkman Love,
'Tis not right on one to turn,
Either now thy torch remove
Or make two hearts burn.

THE PERFECT LOVER

IT IS NOT love to love the fair
And feast one's eyes on beauty rare,
For beauty all men's gaze enthrals,
Nor for a lover's rapture calls.

Nay, he alone true love doth know
Who pays no heed to outward show,
And though his mistress homely be
Still finds in her the perfect she.

[*RUFINUS*]

THE JAR OF PERFUME

AS ONE WHO sends the wine-god gifts
of wine
And makes libation to the fount divine,
So I to thee present this perfumed jar
Who art thyself than perfume sweeter
far.

PERFUME

PERFUME I send fresh perfume to derive,
For you to perfume sweeter perfume give.

TIME'S PUNISHMENT

YOU'RE PROUD, my beauty! If I say
'Good-day,'
You lift your brows in scorn and fling
away;
While if I hang a garland at your door
With angry foot you stamp it to the
floor.
Ah, time alone such temper can assuage;
Come quick, ye Wrinkles, quick, remorse-
less Age.

THE UNEQUAL COMBAT

THOUGH CUPID come against me in his might,
My heart is steeled by wisdom for the fight,
And matched alone in combat against Love,
Methinks a doughty champion I'll prove.
But when he has Dan Bacchus on his side,
Against two gods how can one man abide?

TO MELITË

THY HANDS have all Athena's skill,
  Thy feet like Thetis' silvery white,
E'en Juno's eyes are not more still,
  Nor Venus' breast more bright.

Happy the men thy voice who hear
  And touch thy lips, a hero's prize:
Thrice blessed he who holds thee near,
  Thy couch his Paradise.

[*RUFINUS*]

THE NEW DIVINITY

FOUR GRACES and ten Muses now
  Two Venuses embrace;
For Dercylis all men allow
  Is Venus, Muse, and Grace.

TO TIMARION

YOUR EYES light up all eyes,
  Your lips all lips allure;
One glance enslaves the wise,
  One touch makes triumph sure.

FAIR PLAY

CUPID, when you shoot your darts,
Aim alike at both our hearts.
Gods must never partial be;
Else they lose divinity.

A PETITION

VENUS, when you string your bow
  Here no longer aim.
I am full of wounds enow;
  Seek some other game.

TO A VIOLINIST

WHEN YOU have finished, lady fair,
We will together play an air
On all the notes from bass to middle:
I'll be your beau and you my fiddle.

DON JUAN

'FIE UPON YOU', people cry,
'Luring girls with wanton eye
Like some hunter in the street
Skilled to snare each maid you meet.'

So they say, and yet we know
Zeus and Hades' king below
And Poseidon ocean's lord
All obeyed fierce Passion's word.

If the gods must yield to Love,
Why should I more stubborn prove?
Gods for men should models be:
Right for them is right for me.

[*PHILODEMUS*]

DIALOGUE

GOOD DAY, my dear.
Good day, young beau.
Your mistress here?
What's that to you?
I'd like to know her if I may.
You shall, if you her price can pay.
Then may I come to her to-night?
Yes, if you have the money right.
Is that enough? No, no, my boy,
You'll have to find a cheaper toy.

DIOCLEA

THOUGH my love may slender be
She is plump enough for me.
When I lie upon her heart
Nothing keeps us then apart.

TO PRODIKĔ

HOW LONG, O cruel, shall I cry!
How long bewail my misery,
Already, see, the grey hairs show
And still no kindness you allow.
What Hecuba to Priam gave
Those are the favours I shall have.

TIT FOR TAT

NAUGHTY GIRLS, you roam the town
  Swaying as you walk,
Decked in loose transparent gown
  Just to make us talk.
For you know that such a dress
Scarce conceals your nakedness.

If we men should go about
  Clad in filmy lace,
Would not all the matrons shout
  'O what a disgrace.'
Well, we will: and you will see
Men have too their coquetry.

ASTROLOGY

COME, ye learned men who spy
Into heaven's mystery.
Nelly can a heaven show
Fairer than the one you know,
Where within a Zodiac ring
All the signs lie clustering.

THE DUENNA

GRANNY, do not growl at me:
I am only walking, see,
Just behind your dainty darling;
So you need not start a-snarling.
Cats may look at kings, they say;
So don't be jealous, granny, pray.

REVENGE

ONCE I did cry and cry again,
Beware to vex a tender swain,
Tempt not the anger of my muse,
Nor hate instead of kisses choose.
I know, fair charmer, how to love;
On those that bite my teeth I prove.
I warned you, but you would not hear:
Deaf as the waves your heedless ear.
So now I sit on Naias' knee;
You weep in lonely misery.

PRIMA'S GRAVE

AH WOE, ah woe! What other words remain?
How else begin, how end the mournful strain?
For thou art dead whom maidens all confess
Supreme in virtue and in loveliness.
Well did they call thee Prima—never Time
Shall match the splendour of thy gracious prime.

THE MODERN EUROPA

MY MISS Europa is an Attic maid;
A crown's her price, nor need you be afraid;
No one is there to trouble your repose,
And all you ask right willingly she does.
Her room is clean; in winter there's a fire;
Dear Zeus, what more could any bull desire!

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

NUMBERS

TEN MEASURES for Lysidice,
  One for Euphrante take;
Let Bacchus in the wine bowl be
  Where now our thirst we slake.

And is my love proportioned so
  As we the measures pour
That to Euphrante once I go
  To the other ten times more?

Nay though Euphrante be but one,
  Ten cannot match her even,
Pale as before their monarch moon
  The countless hosts of heaven.

ANTIPHILUS

THE DILEMMA

WHEN she was but a baby girl I said,—
'She'll set us all ablaze, this tender maid.'
They mocked my warning, but the time
has come.
She is a woman—and I know my doom.
What shall I do? to court her is in vain:
To look is torment: not to look is pain.

APOLOGIA

I WAS a lover once—and were not you?
A reveller I joined gay Pleasure's crew.
But did not others share my merriment?
A madman I? But god my madness sent.
To-day enough. The grey hairs gather fast
And say that age has come and folly passed.
When it was time I sported with the throng,
But now to Wisdom all my days belong.

TO SOSICRATES

WHAT SPELLS an empty plate can
weave!
How all his friends a poor man leave!
They loved you when you gold could give,
Now love with gold is fugitive.
Once it was 'Sweety', 'dearest Don',
To-day another tune is on;
'I wonder why on earth he came:
Who is he, pray, and what's his name?'

PHILISTION

NO LOVER once her charms might hold
Till he had paid the price in gold.
But now she shows a little grace
And seems less arrogant of face.
She seems, I say; for well I ween
No change has in her nature been.
So the cold snake for months will harmless hang,
But death still lurks within his cruel fang.

THE FATAL NAME

THERE WAS Demo of Paphos; what wonder if I
From her arms to fair Demo of Samos did fly!
Then came Demo of Corinth; the joke seemed to pall,
Until Demo of Argos proved sweetest of all.
Sure 'tis fated—for is not my name Philodeme?
That some Demo to me ever lovely shall seem.

LA REMPLAÇANTE

SI VENEREM blandam cultor studiosus adoras
tum placeat, Flavi, culta puella tibi.
Paedicare libet? Novi medicamen amoris
quo poteris morbum iam relevare gravem.
Cum recubans Paullae ventrem mammasque tenebis
converte et Paullum te tenuisse puta.

TO CORNELIUS

I BURN, I burn: the light within thine eyes
Has lit a fire for Love's sacrifice.

TO ISIAS

AWAKE, my Isias, awake:
From perfumed pillow lift thy head
And to thy arms this garland take,
Symbol of beauty swiftly fled.
To-day it blooms: to-morrow's morn
Will see it of its beauty shorn.

THE EMPTY BED

NOW to the right, now to the left I turn
Her place is empty—and I burn.
I twist, and toss, and turn again
Rest brings no respite to my pain.
And restless still I shall abide
Until I have Gemella by my side.

PHILODEMUS

THE BURSTING DAM

'TWAS midnight when I stole away,
The rain had wet me to the skin;
Fond lovers talk and sleep, men say,
Ah! when shall we begin?

PHILODEMUS

PHILAENIS

I CANNOT say that she is tall,
Her skin is dark, her body small.
But parsley cannot match her hair,
More soft than down her bosom fair,
Sweet is her voice, its magic charm
Like Venus' girdle soft and warm,
And best of all, she does my will
Nor ever seeks her purse to fill.
So, as she is, I'll love her yet
Till I a maid more perfect meet.

DIODORUS

FALSE BEAUTY

THOUGH when from the bath he goes
Grace and beauty from him flows,
Though to win his body's prize
You would offer both your eyes,
Be not caught by charms like these,
Son of great Megistocles.

He is skilled in all love's wiles,
Many a suitor wins his smiles,
Naught of kindness there you'll see,
Nor of youth's simplicity.
Cruel is he though he's fair;
Fan not the flame: dear friend, beware.

TO CALLISTION

SHINE horned moon upon our revels bright,
Shine through the lattice and dispel the night.
Shine where my fair Callistion doth rest
And make more golden still her gleaming breast.
We grudge thee not: that bright immortal eye
May all the deeds of eager lovers spy.
Thou too didst burn beneath Endymion's kiss
And now to her and me thou givest bliss.

TO LYSIDICË

YOUR VIRGIN clusters still are green,
Unpurpled yet the grapes' soft sheen.
Your roses in their buds still lie,
Nor naked brave the open sky.
But even now young Cupid takes
His swiftest shafts and ready makes,
And where the blaze would fain expire
Awakes the embers of his fire.
Fly, hapless lovers, fly ere yet
The arrow on the string be set;
That burning—I the future know—
Will yet more fierce and fiercer grow.

CONTENTMENT

ZEUS may turn to rain of gold
As a bull Europa hold
  Come a swan to view.
As for me I need not fly
While a crown or two can buy
  All I want from Sue.

THE GELDING

'A THOUSAND down'—she cries, the ugly jade:
He pays the money and is still afraid.
My Lysianassa charges me a crown
And lets me kiss her anywhere in town.
Either I'm wrong, or else he should be sent
Straight to the gelder for his punishment.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

TREASURE TROVE

YESTERDAY my pretty Nell
  Left mamma at home,
Ran across and rang the bell,
  Slipped into my room;
Came and sat upon my knee,
Where I love her most to be.

Both our hearts went pit-a-pat,
  For we feared that some
Busybody rat-a-tat
  To my door would come.
'If they do'—dear Nellie sighed—
'There is nowhere here to hide.'

She was right. A portly dame
  Just then forced the door,
Swiftly to my darling came
  Thrust her to the floor—
'You have got a treasure there;
Mother wants to have her share.'

ANTIGONË

HER BREAST she laid upon my breast,
My bosom on her bosom pressed;
And as I took her lips to mine
I felt her arms about me twine.
The rest is silence. None could see,
Except our lamp, love's mystery.

THE JEWEL OF ASIA

THERE'S a girl just come to town
  Not a week ago;
Every trick in love that's known
  To you she will show;
Every mood of wantonness
In the dance she can confess
  Swaying to and fro,
Passion in her finger tips
Pliant arms and bending hips.

Better still she does not scorn
  With disdainful head
Suitors just a trifle worn
  Given up for dead;
Flattering caresses tries
Till they from the tomb arise
  Back to vigour led;
And returned to life once more
Voyage to Cythera's shore.

WHY SO MOURNFUL?

WHY SO MOURNFUL, pretty maid?
  Why these sobs and sighs,
Hair all loose and disarrayed,
  Languid streaming eyes?
Did you your false lover see
With another on his knee?

Tell me all your trouble, dear,
  Let me heal your grief.
Prithee, wipe away that tear;
  Speech will bring relief.
Though your tongue may dumb remain,
In your eyes the truth is plain.

XANTHIPPË

WHEN fair Xanthippe strikes the lyre,
  Her dulcet voice, her speaking eye
Kindle within my soul a fire
  Responsive to the melody.

When, where and how my passion came
  I know not and I may not tell:
But that I burn in love's fierce flame
  My heart knows all too well.

FLORA, LA BELLE ROMAINE

WHAT FEET she has, what legs, what waist, what thighs,
What shoulders, breast, what tender neck and eyes!
I rave, I die to touch her rosy arms,
Her round perfections and her secret charms.
How sweet her kisses after other lips,
How quick the movement of her swaying hips.
How soft her voice when at love's hour she cries:
'Oh let me die in these dear ecstasies'.
Her name is Flora—true: she knows no Greek,
Nor any language but her own to speak.
But what is that to me! Did Perseus fear
To wed Andromeda, his Indian dear?
With limbs like hers she needs not Sappho's wit—
No man will ever see she wanteth it.

THE BROKEN VOW

BY THEE I swore I'd keep away
And from my love two nights would
stay;
Dear Venus, when I made the vow
Right merry was your laugh I trow.

You knew full well I could not bear
More than one night without my dear,
And now that night is left behind
I cast my promise to the wind.

'Twere better, sure, my vow to break
Since it will be for love's dear sake;
Rather than keep my oath to thee
And die of my own piety.

THE POETS' CLUB

ATTIC jug with vintage dew
Moisten all our merry crew,
Let thy rain upon us fall
Jolly comrades, one and all.
Zeno's swans shall silent be
And Cleanthes' minstrelsy.
Drink, my boys, your liquor neat
And sing of Love the bitter-sweet.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

DEAR little jug so fat and round,
Whose lips give forth a gurgling sound,
A merry 'glug' so sweet to hear
With your long neck and single ear,
Venus and Bacchus love you well,
The Muses of your service tell,
And when we're gathered round the board
You are the keeper of our hoard.
My little jug, please play the game,
Let you and me still keep the same.
Why are you full, I empty? Why
Can't I be drunk till you are dry?

THE GARLAND

BLEND with the wine the glad refrain,
  Our Heliodora's name.
Uplift the cry again, again;
  Our toast is still the same.
O dear memorials of the past,
O rapture all too sweet to last.

Bring me the flowers that yester eve
  Upon her brow were set;
Look how the roses seem to grieve
  With perfumed fragrance wet.
They know that she is far away
Who then upon my bosom lay.

THE TOAST

POUR OUT and pour and pour again,
  And 'Heliodora' cry;
Let that dear word be our refrain,
  As fast the wine cups fly.

Three spirits fair in her combined
  Have come from heaven above,
And we in her one body find
  Allurement, Grace, and Love.

ATHENION

SHE SANG 'The story of the steed',
To me a song of grief indeed.
For as proud Troy to ashes turned
So all my heart with passion burned.
But I had not ten years to fear
Of Greek assault and fighting drear;
On that one day, in that one room
Trojans and I both met our doom.

TO ZENO SINGING

DEAR PAN of Arcady,
Hark to the melody
  That fills the air:
Sweetly she strikes the strings,
Sweetly my Zeno sings:
  O concord fair!

Ah! whither can I fly;
If to escape I try
  In respite brief,
The Loves around me press,
And soon in weariness
  I beg relief.

Is it perchance her face,
Her learning, or her grace
  I most desire?
I know not what I say,
All hold me 'neath their sway-
  I burn with fire.

TO HENIOCHUS

WISE WORDS Persuasion's help desire,
The Muses love the sounding lyre,
And Love does ever shine more fair
When Heniochus is there.

FAIRY GIFTS

THREE CHARMS the fairies to my Zeno gave
And said—With these Love's empire thou shalt have.

HELIODORA

SWEET are the notes of Phoebus' lyre;
  But by great Love I swear,
Far sweeter Heliodora's voice
  When soft it strikes my ear.

TO DIONYSIUS

TELL ME which the comelier shows
Dionysius or the rose?
Though in a crown the rose shines fair,
He doth the crown of beauty wear.

HELIODORA (2)

THE GARLAND that her brow entwines
  Will lose its brilliancy;
But Heliodora brighter shines,
  The rose of roses she.

SPRING AND LOVE

NOW the white violets bloom, and now
  The bluebells drink the rain,
And straying o'er the mountain's brow
  The lilies flower again
Spring perfumes sweet men's hearts enthral,
But Zeno's sweeter far than all.

In vain ye smile, O meadows gay!
  The allurement of the rose
Outshines the blossoms ye display,
  Her beauty warmer glows
Lovers must choose my Zeno fair,
The rose of love beyond compare

DESPAIR

HANG THERE, my garlands, by the hall,
The tear-stained wreathes that now I bring,
Nor let your blossoms lightly fall
Bedewed with grief, love's offering.

And when the door is opened wide
And she I crave at last appears,
Pour on her head your mournful tide,
Her golden locks shall drink my tears.

ON A STATUE OF QUEEN BERENICË

FOUR are the Graces: three we know
And Berenice here below.
See how she holds their linkéd hands,
And wet with perfume by them stands.
Without her now who shines afar
Not e'en the Graces graces are.

THE FALLING WREATH

THE VIOLET white I'll twine
  I'll twine the laughing lilies
And safran sweet combine
  With languorous daffodillies.

The hyacinth's crimson crest
  I'll twine with myrtle posies
And then 'mid all the rest
  I'll twine true lovers' roses.

That so my falling wreath
  For Heliodora fair
May match with perfumed breath
  The fragrance of her hair.

THE IRISH ROSE

I'VE SAID it before,
And they'll say it again,
My love's lip's the sweetest
You ever have seen.

You'd perhaps like to know,
Helydora's her name;
She's a fairy who puts
E'en the fairies to shame.

ZENO'S PORTRAIT

DEAR FRIEND, who first did show to me
My Zeno's smiling face,
More gracious than the graces three,
Herself the world of grace,
Of all the gifts you could bestow
This one the rest surpassed.
To thee a debt of thanks I owe
So long as life shall last.

NICO

SHE COMETH not: the watch is past
  And still I wait alone at home;
By the great Queen she gave her oath
  And promised she would come.

But ah! she will not keep her troth;
  'Tis time, my lads, put out the light,
Too many call on Nico's name,
  She will not come to-night.

MOSQUITOES

BUZZING gnats, relentless beasts,
  Wingéd creatures of the night,
Draw men's blood to make your feasts,
  But give her a brief respite.
You may eat my flesh away,
If you spare Zenophila.

Yet what use with prayers to sue
  Things that every man annoy?
Even monsters fierce as you
  Find those soft warm limbs a joy.
Cease your pranks—I warn you. Fly,
Or learn the strength of jealousy.

THE GNAT

FLY SWIFT, dear gnat; this message give
To my sweet Zeno's ear,
And whisper soft when you arrive
So that she only hear—

'He waits you sleepless, while you lie
Forgetful of his love'—
Go quick, dear minstrel, onward fly
And wing your path above.

But murmur low and do not wake
The sleeper by her side,
Lest on my head to-morrow break
His anger's jealous tide.

And if you bring her, yours shall be
The lion's skin for wear,
And in your hand that knotted tree
Which Hercules doth bear.

TO NICARETË

OFT would she gaze from out the lattice high,
Her cheeks with longing wet, and lonely cry
Till he came to her door.
But Cleophon's blue eyes with their bright fire
Have dried her tears and filled her heart's desire,
And now she weeps no more.

TO TRYPHERA

BY LOVE'S great Queen who rides the ocean swell,
My Bella's beauty makes her beauty's belle.

CORDIS SIGNUM

OPEN my heart and you will find
  My Heliodora's name,
Soul of my soul, mind of my mind,
  Two made by love the same.

TO ASCLEPIAS

YOUR EYES, Asclepias, have the pride
  Of waves in summer weather,
Alluring all men to your side
  To sail Love's sea together.

THE DARK-EYED COLLEEN

MY HELY'S soft fingers
The touch of them lingers,
But her nails they are stingers,
  I still feel the smart.
Sure Cupid must teach ye
The way how to reach me,
Go soft, I beseech ye:
  You're touching my heart.

THE ZONE

IT FELL that once upon a day
I with Hermionè would play,
And round her waist did then behold
A girdle bright with words in gold:
It said 'Come take me if you will,
Nor grieve if I'm another's still.'

A DEDICATION

BOIDION and Pythias make
Their gifts to thee: dear Cypris, take
These zones and pictures, for in love
The flute-girls oft their skill did prove.
Sailors and merchants know full well
How fair they were, how amiable,
And from full purse would gladly pay
For these bright zones and pictures gay.

TO DEMO

HER CHEEK'S a lily newly blown,
  Her brow like marble white,
And he who has not Demo known
  Has never known delight.
O pale-faced maid, dost thou still yearn
  For Zion far away?
E'en in that temple love's fires burn
  On great Jehovah's day.

THE PRIVATEERS OF LOVE

TO SEA those pirate craft again have gone,
Euphro and Thais and Boidion.
Such harpies once as vexed King Diomede,
Stripping their victims naked in their greed.
Agis they've wrecked and Cleophon as well,
Antagoras of them a tale can tell.
Fly then Love's corsairs, fly these frigates bold,
More deadly they than Siren maids of old.

THE SNAKE

DEAR LOVES, I'm killed, I'm mortal sick,
This pain is piercing to the quick,
For though the wound you cannot see
Philaenion's been the death of me.

THE BEE

O ROSE-FED BEE, why hast thou come
  When flowers thy presence seek,
And dare to touch the fragrant bloom
  Of Heliodora's cheek?

Is this thy message: that Love's sting
  May never find relief
And that within the sweetest thing
  There lurks a hidden grief?

Ah, little friend, thy word is vain
  And vain thy help, I trow:
Quick backward fly nor waste thy pain,
  Too well the truth I know.

PYTHIAS

O NIGHT, to thee, to thee I cry;
Hark to my tale of misery,
How Pythias my heart doth grieve
And loves but only to deceive.
A bidden guest I watch her door
And stand without this hour or more.
Ah, may she come before my gate
And mourn to thee of her own fate!

ENDYMION

O NIGHT divine, mother of all things fair,
Thou that dost know Love's revels—hear my prayer.
When Heliodora's arms that cozen sleep
In her warm couch their willing prisoner keep,
Do thou put out the light, while on her breast
Rocked like Endymion by a goddess' side I rest.

REMEMBRANCE

THAT NIGHT, its sleepless hours I'll ne'er forget;
On Heliodora all my thoughts are set.
My eyes still feel the smart of those glad tears
When each gray morn with slanting beams appears.
Ah, does she too, I wonder, think of me
And cherish yet our love's dear memory,
To my cold picture give her kisses warm,
And as she sleeps with tears bedew her arm,
In dreams upon her breast me close embrace
Deluded by the phantom of my face?
Or can it be that with new fire she burns,
To some new love her fancy lightly turns?
Such sights, dear lamp, I pray thou never see;
I left her safely, keep her safe for me.

MOSCHUS

THE NIGHT was dark, the rain fell fast,
  The wind made sullen moan;
Too oft the wine cup round had passed
  And I was all alone.
Yet Love was victor; I to Moschus came
And drenched and shivering called on his
    dear name.

But none gave answer: such return
  He renders to my love.
How long, dear God! for thou didst learn
  Thyself these pains to prove.
Ah would that he in grief might wander so
And ne'er a door for place of refuge know.

DEFIANCE

I CARE not what my fate shall be,
  Burn me with lightning, freeze with
    ice,
Drown me in Ocean's deepest sea
  Or hurl me down the precipice.

For I by Love am worn away
  My body spent with fierce desire,
And if his bolt should strike to-day
  I would not fear Jove's fire.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH

SWEET after storm to sailors' eyes
  Are zephyrs in the vernal skies,
To thirsty lips a cup is sweet
  Fresh cooled with snow in summer's
    heat;
But sweeter still when man and maid
  Lie hidden close beneath one plaid
And in its warmth together pressed
  Find all the might of love confessed.

THIS NOSSIS SAITH

THERE IS nothing more sweet than Love—
Yea, even honey on my lips
Has lost its savour.
And never will she know the secret of the rose
Who has not tasted of the Cyprian's kisses.

THE TANKARD'S BOAST

MY TANKARD has a fragrance sweet
  And smiles as though in glee,
Boasting that it has touched the lips
  Of dear Zenophile.

Ah happy cup! that to my mouth
  Her lips would press to-day,
In one long breath allay love's thirst
  And drink my soul away.

EARLY DAWN

O CRUEL dawn, how swift your beams
  To vex a lover's rest;
I've slept but for an hour it seems
  Warm on my Demo's breast.

Others find joy in morning's light
  While I in anguish grieve,
O turn again your hasty flight
  And come as star of eve.

O turn again, as long ago
  You learned your steps to trace,
When Zeus commanded—'Backward go,
  Nor see Alcmena's face.'

DAWN

WHEN in my arms I held her clasped
  Too short the night would seem,
Too soon upon us then was cast
  The sun's malicious beam.

O cruel dawn, so slow to rise,
  That once too quickly shone!
Now with another Demo lies
  And I am left alone.

THE SLEEPING MISTRESS

ASLEEP, my Zeno! With what wanton grace
The damask blooms upon that smiling face.
A wingless dream might I those eyelids close
And near inhale the fragrance of that rose.
Not e'en the sleep that charms the gods above
Should come between us then to mar our love.
But in enfolding arms securely pressed
Alone I'd lull my darling to her rest.

DISCOVERY

I KNOW you, wanton: prayers will not avail:
Those scented locks tell all too plain a tale,
Your eyes with watching red, those perfumes wet,
That garland still upon your tresses set.
See how your curls in wild confusion twine,
How all your limbs are still bemused with wine.
Go, common wench, whither the loud harps call
And castanets from clattering fingers fall.

MELEAGER

LOVE'S FIRE

'O CRUEL, cruel Love!' Yet why
Should hapless lovers sob and sigh?
The lad grows strong as you revile
And greets each menace with a smile.
Our Lady rose once from the gray-green
main,
Her child, oh wonder, burns in every
vein.

HUE AND CRY FOR LOVE

MY LOVE has gone astray,
  This very morn he left me.
The wild lad flew away,
  Of sleep bereft me.

His back two wings uprears,
  His hand a quiver peerless,
Sly smiles he sends, soft tears;
  Glib, swift, and fearless.

You ask whose son is he?
  I cannot guess it even.
None owns him, neither sea
  Nor earth nor heaven.

All hate him: even now
  Beware the way he's going.
He's snaring hearts, I trow,
  For men's undoing.

Hist! there in archer's guise
  I see him taking cover.
He hides in Zeno's eyes:
  My search is over.

LOVE FOR SALE

TO MARKET with him, though he sleep
  Upon his mother's breast.
To market with him: I'll not keep
  So insolent a pest.

Glib, unabashed, swift glancing, wild,
  A monster void of shame;
His mother even fears her child
  As one she cannot tame.

Sly-faced is he, with wings close pressed
  And nails that scratch and smart;
While tears fall from his eyes distressed
  A smile his lips will part.

So quick to market send him down
  To see if one will buy.
Is any merchant leaving town?
  Let him come here and try.

But no, I cannot sell him. See,
  He begs with tears all wet.
Be not afraid: you'll stay with me
  And be my Zeno's pet

LOVE'S PUNISHMENT

I'LL BURN your bow, bold lad: by Love I swear,
Your quiver too with all its Scythian gear.
I will indeed, though now you sneer and cry;
That empty laugh shall soon be turned awry.
I'll break your pinions winged with passion fleet
And fasten brazen fetters on your feet.
And yet methinks a doubtful prize I win
To let a wolf my fenced heart steal within.
Nay, you are victor. Quick your sandals take
And fly away some other heart to break.

LOVE'S LINEAGE

WHAT WONDER is't if Love, the bane of man,
Has weapons three to work his cruel plan.
The mother from whose womb he came to life
Was bride of Fire, and paramour of Strife,
Herself fierce Ocean's child, lashed by the breeze,
Without a father, rising from the seas.
And so from husband, lover, and grand-dame
Her son's rough laugh, bold eyes, red arrows came.
Thalatta's temper his, Hephaestus' fire,
And shafts of Ares stained with blood and mire.

THE STEWARD'S BOOK

FIVE WREATHS! When will he come,
I say!
What's that I hear you grunt—'Assez!
You've got no change'? Deuce take you
then:
Servants forsooth, you're highwaymen.
'You've done no wrong'? Well, we will
see:
Here, Jenny, bring his book to me.
'Five shillings wine.' You dirty dog!
I'll truss you up, you Lapith hog!
And what's this—'Sausage, half-a-crown
Fish, eggs and pastry' all put down,
'And honey'——Stop. I've had enough.
To-morrow I'll go through the stuff.
Now off to Truefitt's, and be quick
Unless you want to feel my stick.
Five silver vials I must have
One for each kiss my darling gave.
Our bed was witness to my vow
And I must pay the price, I trow.

THE MESSAGE

TAKE my message, Dorcas, pray;
Once and twice and three times say
All that's in it: do not stay,
Hasten, Dorcas, haste away.

Nay a moment, Dorcas—wait:
Why so quick to close the gate?
Let me all my tale relate.

Add to what you just have read:
Nay! I'm going off my head—
Tell her nothing. Or instead
Tell her, Dorcas, all I've said.

Tell her all: be sure you do—
Yet what need have I of you?
I myself am coming too.

THE PARTY

THERE'S Jack and Nancy, Bob and Sue,
Dick with his Molly, Tom and Prue,
This cask, my lad, they'll drink it dry;
To get some more we'd better try.
Go to the vintner; say I'm sure
It was two gallons short or more.
But hurry quick, and come back soon
For they'll be here before it's noon.

THE WANTON

I KNOW the truth. All false the oaths you swore.
Never shall lying lips deceive me more.
O perjured wanton, this your quiet sleep
And these the lonely vigils that you keep!
Has your fair Cleon?—Ah, but threats are vain:
Begone, base creature, nor return again,
But no: that were indeed your game to play:
You'd fly to meet him. Here a prisoner stay.

THE BATMAN

NOW, PAT, be off and don't be late.
Three herrings buy at Billingsgate
And then some sprats — say, half a score—
And prawns—he'll count them—twenty-four.
The florist's shop is on your way
So don't forget a big bouquet.
And while you're there you might invite
My darling Belle to come to-night.

TO PHILAENIS

I KNOW you now: 'tis vain to try
And cozen me with tearful eye.
When round your waist my arms are thrown
It's me you love and me alone.
But when another has you, then
You vow that he's your king of men.

DISILLUSION

GO, DORCAS, go, and to Lycaenis say,
'He knows you now, beware:
Hope not again feigned kisses will betray;
Time shows how false they are.'

REQUITALS

CUPID from his crafty bow
  Rains his burning arrows on me,
Never lets a moment go
  But some harm he's done me.

So my vengeance now I take
  On the little wingéd sinner
And his mother witness make
  He was the beginner.

BITTER-SWEET

LONG are the hours, the storm winds blow,
  Night passes ere the Pleiads set,
But still before her door I go
  With driving rain all wet.

This is not love, this torturing smart,
  These arrows forged in flaming fire;
I know her false, but yet my heart
  Still burns with mad desire.

TO SCYLLA

LOVE'S cruel waves and Riot's boisterous sea
And Passion's restless winds encompass me.
I know not where I go; my storm-tossed soul
Leaves my life's ship without its helm's control.
Perchance like that famed mariner of yore
The Scylla whom I fled will capture me once more.

THE OFFERING

DEAR MOON that on true lovers shine,
And thou my faithful mandoline,
Ye stars with radiance bright,
And thou, dear night,

Shall I this eve my wanton see
As once upon the couch with me,
When 'neath the lamp's clear ray
We sleepless lay?

But if another shares her bed
I'll come with suppliant wreaths instead,
Which at her doorway set
With tears I'll wet.

And these the words I'll write above—
'From Meleager, priest of love,
These shall an offering be,
Cypris, to thee.'

TO CALLISTION

THE SYRACUSANS have a sign
That can a double purpose play;
And now I call Callistion mine
I wish that we were free as they.
For though I sing her curving lips
Often I really mean her hips.

CLEO

SHE BEAT her milk-white breast
  Where the young god was laid
And at his vigil feast
  Of me her captive made.

If thus she'll mourn for me
  I will no longer stay,
Adonis, let's to sea
  And hasten on death's way.

TO IRENE

SEE HOW the Cupids string their bows
As from her couch Irene goes,
    The golden couch of Love.
A statue with a maiden's face
From head to foot arrayed in grace
    Her power they soon will prove.
From purple cord they speed the dart
Which quick shall pierce some youthful
  heart.

CARNATION, LILY, ROSE

THREE FAIRIES made three posies
  To match my Zeno's face,
White lilies, blushing roses,
  And safran's golden grace.

Her cheeks the rose enrapture,
  Her breasts the lily fire,
Her lips from safran capture
  The sweetness of desire.

THE TRIPLE CROWN

SOFT is her voice, persuasion in it speaks,
Cupid himself sent roses for her cheeks,
Love decked the couch wherein she now is laid,
Happy, thrice happy maid.

LOVE'S VOTARY

BY TIMO'S wealth of ringlets
  In lovers' true-knots drest,
By Demo's fragrant perfumes
  And sleep-beguiling breast,

By Ilias' sportive fancies
  And by my lamp's dim light—
The lamp that's seen the revels
  Of many a vigil night—

Upon my lips my spirit faints;
  But while I breathe and live,
All that to me of life remains
  To thee, great Love, I give.

THE CATALOGUE

BY HELIODORA'S sandal,
By Demo's tresses bright,
By Anticlea's smiling lips
And eyes of orbéd light,

By dear Timarion's doorway
Fragrant with scented dew,
By Dorothea's garlands
Blooming and ever new,

I swear that Love on me has tried
The sting of every dart:
Empty his quiver: all his shafts
Are buried in my heart.

AGLAONICË TO NICAGORAS

THE WINE-CUP flew with treacherous haste
As in your arms I lay embraced,
While low you murmured in my ear
Whispers of love so sweet to hear.
I fell asleep, a maiden free;
And in my sleep you conquered me.

So now to Venus here I bring
These sandals for an offering,
And these soft bands with perfume wet
Which on my bosom then were set,
That they may witness how I strove
Before I yielded to my love.

[*LEONIDAS*]

ALEXO'S OFFERING

HER SAFFRON smock, and garlands
blue
Still fragrant with the myrrhine dew
Of ivy berries, and her snood
Alexo offers to the god,
Priapus of the girlish glance,
A guerdon for his vigil dance.

[*LEONIDAS*]

LEONTIS

LEONTIS here to Venus brings
Her cither with its tuneful strings
    In memory of the night
When golden Sthenius with her lay
In happy vigil till the day
    Surprised them with his light.

THE WHIP

THE EVENING colts did lonely neigh
As Plango with Philaenis lay
And showed her how to win a place
In the great sporting bare-backed race.
So now a guerdon for her pains
This purple whip and shining reins
To Venus' portals she doth bring
And begs thee take her offering,
Praying thee, gracious queen, that she
May ever win Love's victory.

THE GOAD

LYSIDICË doth bring to thee,
Dear Cyprian, the goad
Wherewith she won the mastery
When she on horseback rode,
And on her comely leg did wear
This cunning piece of golden gear.

On her no spur was ever used
To reach her journey's end,
Her tender thighs were scarcely bruised,
So lightly did she bend;
And now she hangs within thy fane
The tool she ne'er will need again.

THE OLD SHIP

ONCE upon your trim-built galley
To Cythera's shore
Lovers on their way would dally:
Now they come no more.

In its hold the bilge is shaking
Swaying to and fro,
Every joint is water making
And it will not go.

Tossing seas have scored its belly
And the stays are slack;
Sails its breasts as soft as jelly
Broken yard for back.

Pity then the luckless rover
Who on waters dark
With his oar shall try and move her,
Your old coffin ark.

THE MAGIC WHEEL

NIKO'S magic wheel am I
For Thessalian witchery;
Children I can draw from home,
Lovers bring across the foam;
Carved of gleaming amethyst,
Bound about with purple twist,
Decked in gold and standing here
As a gift to Venus dear.

DEDICATION

OLD SATYRA and Melo bring
The Muses dear their offering:
Melo the flute that oft did please
Her father Antigenides
Whereon her lips would swiftly race,
And with it, see, this boxwood case.
To Satyra this pipe belongs,
Sweet minstrel of a lover's songs,
Companion of the evening revel
Fast bound with wax to make it level,
With it content she played through all
the night
Till the sun came and smote the doors
with light.

THE SAMIAN WOMEN

BITTO is leading Nannion astray
And will no longer walk in love's true way.
Visit thy wrath, Queen Venus, on her head
Who shuns the ritual of the marriage bed.

FAREWELL

FAREWELL my youthful loves, 'tis vain
To cast the reckoning of loss and gain:
Those pleasures fugitive
I take not now nor give.
A fairer image fills my heart,
A love where boyhood's fancies have no part;
Escaped from their strong hold
I fly the loves of old.

POSEIDIPPUS

THE BATHER

ALONG the beach where Love was born
Cleander strolled one summer morn
And saw his Nico swimming there
Breasting the waves with bosom bare.
He saw and burned: for strange to say
Water gave birth to fire that day,
And from the briny drops she threw
A parching flame within him grew.
She tossed the waves with dimpled arm
And shoreward turned nor knew of harm.
But he who on the dry land stayed
Most lamentable shipwreck made.
Yet all proved well. An equal love
Venus has sent them from above:
The boon he asked has granted been
And now he thanks our sea-born queen.

ASCLEPIADES

BLACK, BUT COMELY

SHE WAVED her branch, fair Didyme,
  And waving stole my heart away
And now like wax in fire, see,
  I melt in swift decay.

If she is black, what's that to me?
  This charcoal too is black, but yet
No rose more red can ever be
  When once alight 'tis set.

POSEIDIPPUS

THE BURNT CHILD

YE LOVERS' songs and lovers' tears
  Why do you vex me so,
Whose foot the mark of burning bears
  Again through fire to go?

Love leaves no respite: all is pain
  By Aphrodite sent:
Desire comes and stabs again
  Nor ever is content.

LOVE'S SPELL

THE SOUND of Love still rings within
my ears,
Still from my eyes in silence flow sweet
tears,
Nor night nor day can give my anguish
rest;
Love charms have fixed one thought
within my breast.
O wingéd fancies, are your wings in vain,
Have you no strength to fly from me
again?

TO PYTHIAS

BOLD LOVE has led me here;
So let me in, I pray,
If my love sleeps alone:
If not I'll go away.
And give this token of my passion true
'Reeling with wine, through thieves I came to you.'

LOVE'S TENNIS

LOVE and Desire play the set,
  My heart's the flying ball,
To Heliodore across the net
  They send it, rise and fall.

Be heedful, sweetest; watch thy art
  Nor mock me in my need;
To miss the stroke and lose my heart,
  That were a fault indeed.

MISERICORDIA

HAVE MERCY, Love, and lull my sleepless pain
Nor leave my Muse's voice to cry in vain.
To-day thy bow, forgetting other hearts,
On me alone pours all its wingéd darts.
Even if you kill me, on my tomb you'll see
This epitaph—'*Slain by Love's Cruelty.*'

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LOVER

IF YOU WISH a maid to win
Do not as her slave begin
Nor a suppliant mild and meek
For her kind compassion seek.

Rather keep a manly pride
And your loving fondness hide;
With a careless lifted brow
Just one scanting glance bestow.

When they think you over-bold
Women keep you in the cold,
But if you too mild appear
Then they love to flout and jeer.

He's the victor in the end
Who can both together blend;
Sometimes kind and gentle be,
Sometimes prove his mastery.

THE KEY OF GOLD

JOVE, men say, in golden shower
  Entered once a maiden's bed,
Pierced within the brazen bower,
  Took a maidenhead.

So the poets tell the tale,
  This the meaning I behold
Bars and walls will ne'er avail
  Brass must yield to gold,

Bonds relax, doors open wide
  If you take a golden key,
Haughty dames forget their pride
  Sink on willing knee.

Danae the falling rain
  Welcomed thus in days gone by,
Lovers need not sigh in vain
  If with gold they try.

JEALOUSY

OFT have we seen upon our Shakespeare's
stage
How cruel husbands vent their jealous
rage.
But lo, this modern Moor! how could he
dare
To cut the tresses of my lady's hair
And to the grim farce give a tragic end
Forcing her limbs beneath the lash to
bend?
A jealous madman! Nay, what harm did
she
To take compassion on my misery.
And now to glut the fury of his spite
The knave has torn my darling from my
sight.
A true Othello he; and Jacques am I
Who can no more my Juliet espy.

PAUL

THE STOLEN KISS

COME, ROSE, one stolen kiss
Love's secret furtive bliss
Far from all prying eyes.
The garish light of day
Takes half the charm away
From love's sweet mysteries.

THE HARSH GUARDIAN

'TIS TRUE, good sir, that now you're old
And love's hot spur in you is cold,
But you were young once and should be
Compassionate to frailty.

To err is human you should know,
Nor treat a tender maiden so,
Just for one slip it was not fair
To spoil the glory of her hair.

A father's part you think to play,
But she, poor girl, must rue the day.
She hoped in you a friend to find,
Yet now you seem more kin than kind.

LOVE OR DEATH

HOW LONG with looks of hidden fire
Shall we restrain our hearts' desire!
Nay let us all our pain reveal
And naught from prying eyes conceal.
For if they will not let us love
Then death a potion sure shall prove.
With this sharp blade our fate we will defy,
Together live or else together die.

TO ARIADNË

WHEN WITH the quill she strikes her
lyre
Terpsichore beguiles the ear;
When thrills her voice with tragic fire
Melpomene we hear.
Paris to her would give the prize
And Venus yield with humbled eyes.

But hush! a maid so passing fine
'Twere best in silence to conceal:
Or else perchance some power divine
Will Ariadne steal.
Bacchus himself will see her charms
And force his way to those soft arms.

THE MORNING STAR

O STAR of morning, be thou kind
  And deign my constant love to bless;
Learn not thy neighbour Ares' mind
  Nor his fierce ruthlessness.

But as of old when Phaethon
  With Clymene his darling lay
Thou didst consent, till all was done,
  Thy eastward path to stay.

So now for me when this glad night
  In answer to my prayers has come
Delay, dear star, the morning light
  As in Cimmeria's home.

TO CUPID

CUPID, pierce no more my heart
  Nor my inward vitals burn;
Prithee on some other part
  Thy swift arrows turn.

THE REMEDY

LOOK at my heart: see how it bleeds with tears,
Love's wound still open all these weary years.
Help me, dear maid, for I am sore distrest;
No surgeon's hand can lull my pain to rest.
I am poor Telephus; you Achilles be
And heal the wound your beauty made in me.

HOW LONG MINE EYES

HOW LONG, mine eyes, how long!
  Drunken with draughts of beauty's
    wine
  Ye quaff the cup of love divine
And still your feast prolong.

Come fly while yet you may,
  And to the queen of soft desire
  Escaped the storm of passion's fire
A chaste libation pay.

But if she will not hear
  And madness still my bosom burn,
  May bitter tears your radiance turn
To icy coldness drear.

From you my troubles came
  And you the price must justly owe
  Who oft my tender heart did throw
Into Love's furnace flame.

LOVE'S VINTAGE

THIS is love's vintage hour: within my arms
I hold imprisoned all thy rosy charms,
The crown of my desire, nor can see
In spring or summer aught so fair as thee.
Thy autumn beauties every treasure hold,
Oh may they bloom for aye, nor e'er grow old.
And yet what care I! When the grapes lie piled,
Men do not heed the curling tendrils wild.
And so my love will constant last, I trow,
E'en when the tendril wrinkles line thy brow.

TO RHODOPË

FOR WHOM shall I array my hair
  For whom my hands adorn
For whom my sea-dyed tunic wear
  Now I am left forlorn?

Mine eyes of Rhodope bereft
  Find naught to make them gay,
No joy in golden dawn is left
  Now that my love's away.

NIOBË ALL TEARS

ONCE a shepherd on the hills
Marvelled at the weeping rills
How a stone like Niobe
Should so tearful ever be.

Now 'tis I who weep and moan
And Erippe is the stone.
Though I cry in darkness drear
Never she my plaint will hear.

Love is still the cause of all,
Sends the tears from both that fall.
She bewails her children slain
I my unrequited pain.

TO DORIS

SHE DREW one hair from out the golden strand
And as a prisoner bound my willing hand.
I smiled, poor fool, and thought 'twould easy be
To break my bonds and win my liberty.
But still that hair its captive fast doth bind
And when she draws I follow close behind,
I weep, a victim held in iron chains,
And have no strength to free me from my pains.

THE CONQUEROR

THY LIPS the Graces' dower,
  Fair Venus decks thy face,
Thy cheeks with roses flower,
  Thy hands the harp embrace.

Captured by thy bright eyes,
  Enslaved by thy sweet song,
Each youth thy captive lies,
  To thee all hearts belong.

'VARIUM ET MUTAB LE'

IF LEANDER'S lips I meet
  All my thoughts to Xanthus turn,
If 'tis Xanthus that I greet
  For Hippomenes I burn,
If Hippomenes be nigh
To Leander back I fly.

Full possession has no charms;
  What I have not, that I love.
Taking all men to my arms
  There I win my treasure trove.
Blame me, maidens, if you will,
You that love one lover still.

HOPE DEFERRED

'I WILL come to-morrow morn'—
  But that morn I never see,
While you laugh my faith to scorn
  Make a mock of me.

Still you feed me on delay
  And to others give your smiles,
My true love with insults pay
  And deceitful wiles.

'In the evening I will come'—
  Yes at beauty's eventide
When your cheeks have lost their bloom
  And your youth its pride.

YOUTH AND AGE

A STRIPLING in my youthful pride
I heeded not the darts of Love,
The power of Venus I denied,
Against her mandates strove.

But now my locks are all but gray
I feel the sting of mad desire,
I bend my neck beneath Love's sway
And burn with sudden fire.

Take then thy thrall, O Paphian queen,
And laugh elate with smiling eyes;
Pallas again has vanquished been,
The apple is thy prize.

THE HAVEN

LONG have I yearned for thee, O dearest
maid,
And now I have thee, lo, I am afraid.
So little did I hope, I shrink in dread
For many a wave has passed above my
head—
And still my spirit faints: a saviour prove
To one much tossed upon the storms of
love.
Escaped from shipwreck and the sea's
alarms
Take me within the haven of thine arms.

TANTALUS

YES, Tantalus in hell below
A lighter task than mine is set,
And though his tears for ever flow,
I am more wretched yet.

He never saw thy cheeks so fair
More tender than the opening rose,
His lips from thine no hand may tear
He knows not of my woes.

He dreads the rock that seems to fall,
But never will he die again,
I yet alive am Passion's thrall
And perish in my pain.

THE SWALLOWS

ALL the night long I grieve; and when I fall
In that uneasy sleep that morning brings
I start awakened: faint I hear the call
Of swallows twittering ere the day begins.
Again I feel the smart of tears, again
Rhodanthe's image burns my fevered breast.
I close my weary eyes: 'tis all in vain:
I know no more of rest.

O cruel swallows, cease to vex me still,
I did not rob fair Philomel of song.
Go to the hoopoe's nest upon the hill
And there your plaint for Itylus prolong.
But let me sleep, that I to dream may try
And fancy in Rhodanthe's arms I lie.

THE SWORD

WHY do I draw my trusty blade
  As though its edge to prove?
'Tis not in sooth to hurt, dear maid,
  Or vex the Queen of Love.

But rather that I may reveal
  How Mars her power allows
And though he be of stubborn steel
  A slave to Venus bows.

My confidant, in him I see
  As in a glass my face,
He knows my thoughts and has for me
  All a belovéd's grace.

But thou, my sweet, art dearer yet,
  No sword our love shall part,
And if thou dost thy troth forget
  This blade shall pierce my heart.

EXTINCT FIRES

THE BLAZE that scorched my flesh of old
Is quenched and dim: I die of cold.
Love's furnace panting in its greed
Has now but bones whereon to feed,
And my poor heart to ashes turned
Has naught within it left unburned.
E'en as some altar at the close of day,
Its victim spent, untended dies away.

MONEY

BEES do not fill their cells
  With spade or hoe,
But rob the vernal dells
  Where roses grow.
So if you wish to take
  Of Love's sweet honey,
Choose the right way and make
  A tool of money.

A SONG

FAREWELL, farewell! But no
I cannot go,
I bridle back the word again
And lingering yet must still remain
Another hour or so.

To go and leave thee here,
I shrink in fear,
As though upon the brink of death
I saw its darkness spread beneath;
I cannot leave thee, dear.

Thy face is like the day
In month of May,
And day is voiceless, thou more sweet
Than Sirens' lips when they repeat
Some magic roundelay.

On thee I all depend
To live or end,
No hope have I except in thee,
Dear love, do thou kind Fortune be
My happiness to send.

CAVE CANEM

WHEN I saw pretty Nelly last night I turned pale
For her husband was there; but I told her the tale.
'May I push back the bolts of your doorway' I cried
'And loosen the bolt-pin to open it wide;
'Then fix in the middle the tip of the key
'And oil all the lock till it moves easily'.
She laughed at my pleading and gave me a wink—
'You had better' she whispered 'keep off it, I think:
'My house-dog is savage and if he should hear
'He will give you a welcome you won't like, my dear.'

A DREAM

IN MY ARMS I held her tight,
  Saw her eyes with laughter gleam,
Close together in the night:
  Though 'twas but a dream.

All her body I caressed
  Nor did she reluctant seem,
Each soft limb upon me pressed,
  Yielded :—in my dream.

But as every art I tried
  Plunging deep in passion's stream,
I by Cupid was denied,
  Lost my lovely dream.

Ah, he is a jealous boy:
  Lies in ambush, so I deem:
Will not give us perfect joy
  Even in a dream.

KISSES—A COMPARISON

KATE'S kisses loud and long resound,
Sue's kisses bite until they wound,
I wonder if they sweeter taste
Than Lucy's kisses soft and chaste.
My lips alone can judges be,
Methinks I'll try them both and see.

But no, I'm wrong. I will not prove
Unfaithful to my faithful love.
None else may match with Lucy's lips
Wherefrom the bee his honey sips.
The prize is hers, my verdict given,
No need to seek a fairer heaven.

THE REFUSAL

YOU TITTER and giggle, you beckon again,
You do all to invite me but all is in vain;
You have jilted me once and I swore by the stone
That henceforth I'd leave you severely alone.
Though you pout your bare lips till they seem naked quite
You may kiss your own mouth; you won't have me to-night.
No, I go my own way. Other girls I shall find
More skilled at caresses, more comely, more kind.

THE CRUEL LADY

SOFT are my lady's lips
And soft her rosy breast,
  Her snow white arm
  Enfolds me warm
And lulls me soft to rest.

But hard of heart is she,
Love naught but kisses gains,
  'Gainst mercy steeled
  She will not yield
And virgin still remains.

I thirst in sight of bliss
Like Tantalus of yore,
  I know full well
  The pains of hell
And can endure no more.

TO PARMENIS

'CONSTANCE'—'tis no name for you
Who in love are never true;
'Constance'—once I sang its praise,
Now it poisons all my days.

Those that love you, them you fly
And to trap new quarry try.
When they're caught in love's domain
Swift you turn and fly again.

THE STING

TOUCH not her lip
  It hides a sting
Whose poisoned tip
  Will madness bring.
I of that sweetness once did
    taste
And captive still my manhood
    waste.

REPENTANCE

O CRUEL, cruel hand! How could you dare
To seize the golden glory of her hair
And heedless of her sobs, her cries for aid,
Wreak all your spite upon a loving maid?
Had you no mercy as she stood forlorn
Her neck bent low, her tresses rudely torn?

O cruel, cruel! well it is that now
You beat in frenzied rage upon my brow,
For never shall your palm again be pressed
Upon the treasures of my darling's breast.
Nay it is yours for pardon yet to try
Or else to draw the sword and gladly die.

TO RHODOPË

NOW you have thrown your pride away
  And yielded to the Cyprian's dart,
I in your arms a captive stay
  Enfolded to your heart.

Body and soul together meet
  And mingle in love's swelling wave,
Nor while I feel these fetters sweet
  Shall I my freedom crave.

MEN'S TREACHERY

SWEET is my darling's smiling face
And sweet her laugh so free,
Sweet are the tears whose languid grace
Deep in her eyes I see.

Last night she lay upon my breast
I thought in peace she slept,
A sudden sigh the grief confessed
That still concealed she kept.

I kissed her as she sobbed. Her tears
Fell on my lips like rain—
'Why, sweetheart, why these foolish fears?
I asked and asked in vain.

At length she turned and whispered low
With gently streaming eyes—
'I fear one day that you will go,
I know men's perjuries'.

THE WANING MOON

ROLLING eyes and painted face
  Witness to your hidden fire,
Lips that part in a grimace
  Writhing with desire.

Loud you laugh and shake your hair
  Stretching wide your haughty arms,
Seek for lovers in despair
  Of your waning charms.

But your pride unbroken stays
  Never will to kindness bend,
In the autumn of your days
  Stubborn to the end.

NAKEDNESS

FULL nakedness! Cast off your linen white
And closely clinging limb to limb unite;
Off with those filmy veils: while they are on
Between us stand the walls of Babylon.
Join breast to breast, our lips together seal,
And ne'er shall blabbing tongues our joy reveal.

TO CHRYSILLA

COME, my Chrysilla, come
And make my arms your home.
Why, sweet, with downcast eyelids stand!
Why pluck your gown with trembling hand!
Love leaves no room for shame,
And if your lips refuse me 'Yes',
One gentle nod will still confess
The power of Venus name.

A SONG

OUT upon it, lack-a-day,
  Foolishly I swore,
Vowed that I would keep away
  For a week or more—
Now each day it seems a year
I must break my oath I fear
And to-morrow see my dear
  If I don't before.

Prithee Venus blot my word
  On the mindful scroll,
Say my vow you never heard
  Wipe it from the roll.
Sure it would too cruel be
Angry gods as well as she
If they both should take from me
  Punishment for toll.

THE LOVERS

I SAW the lovers. Held in passion's chain
They kissed and clipped, then clipped and kissed again,
If thus they might their endless thirst abate
And dull the torment of their parted state.
Fain were they in each other's heart to hide
And so at last a change of raiment tried.

He, as Achilles once on Scyros shore,
A maiden's smock upon his body wore;
She, like Diana kilted to the knee,
Strode boldly forth in manly tunic free.
But soon their lips once more together pressed
Unquenched the craving of their love confessed.

E'en as two stems unite to make one vine
And tendrils none can part together twine,
So close their bodies did they interlace
With limbs entangled in a soft embrace.
Thrice blesséd they on whom such fetters lie,
Who never know our parting's agony.

SCORN

'SCORN endeth love,' last night she cried,
  As in my face she slammed the door.
Oh foolish words, by truth denied;
  Scorn makes men love the more.
I said I'd stay a year away,
A suppliant I return to-day.

JOVE THE LOVER

JOVE is no proper lover, that I know;
Or else he'd change and come again below.
Leda, Europa, Danae were fair,
But none with my proud beauty could compare:
Perhaps he scorns a lass who can be bought
And only to princesses pays his court.

TO PHILINNA

THE LINES I see upon thy face
Surpass the bloom of youthful grace.
Thy quinces drooping in my hand
Outshine young breasts that upright stand.
Winter than summer seems more warm
And spring time yields to autumn's charm.

TO CHARICLO

HOW FAINT those limbs! how dull that eye!
Like one new risen from her bed
Your fragrant locks dishevelled lie,
Your cheek has lost its red.

A captive in the lists of love
Are these the signs of your alarms?
Ah happy victor, who did prove
His prowess in your arms!

Or is it that in grief you pine
With passion still unsatisfied?
Dear sweetheart, then may it be mine
To clasp you to my side!

THE COIFFURE

WHEN some tiara bright
  About your head is bound
  And like a goddess crowned
Your beauty dazzles sight,
My soul with rapture swift does
    thrill
And knows itself your captive still.

When loose your tresses lie
  And o'er them softly drawn
  A neckerchief of lawn
Protects them from men's eyes,
While all in vain my gaze I turn,
My thoughts with longing madly
    burn.

But when those locks revealed
  Send down their stream of gold
  And in my hand I hold
Their splendour unconcealed,
No more I feel my heart my own,
A fugitive from reason's throne.

Methinks that fairies three
  Adorn your head with grace,
  And in your smiling face
A triple charm I see,
Each way alike to me is fair
And still I find fresh beauty there.

'DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES'

TOUCH with your lips this cup, and I
  My sober vows will break,
Not for the wine but that your kiss
  The thirst of love may slake.
A bowl so sweet I may not fly
  E'en though it drunken make;
It tells me of its new-won bliss
  And lo, my share I take.

THE NURSE

ALAS, that hate should bar our whispers sweet
The stolen looks wherein our eyes would meet.
Your jealous nurse still makes us both afraid,
Like Argus watching o'er the heifer maid.
Stand there and spy; you vex yourself in vain;
No eye, old hag, can reach the soul's domain.

WEATHER SIGNS

NAY, burn not dim, dear lamp; for so
  My lover will not come.
Your wick foreshadows rain, men know,
  And he will stay at home.

You grudge the Cyprian her delight
  As when Leander came
To seek his Hero thro' the night;
  But hush—speak not his name.

You are the slave of Vulcan grim
  And care for none beside;
To soothe his pain you flatter him
  And vex his wanton bride.

YOUTH RENEWED

WHY blame the pranks that love does ever play!
What though my eyes be wet, my temples gray!
These cares are but the signs of passion's fire,
Of sleepless nights and unfulfilled desire.
Only the flame within me freshly burns,
All else to age and feebleness returns.
Yet though my sides are wrinkled in their prime,
My neck all loose and slack before its time,
If thou, dear heart, to love me now will deign
I shall grow young, my hair turn black again.

DEMOPHOÖN TO PHYLLIS

ON THE BEACH I wait for you:
  Do not, Phyllis, faithless be,
Though last year I was untrue,
  Went across the sea.
Your dear eyes have brought me home,
Never more from you to roam.

REFLECTIONS

IF ONCE a man has bitten been
Mad dogs they say by him are seen
    Wherever waters flow;
And so perchance Love's frenzied bite
Has robbed me of my senses quite
    And I bewildered go.
The babbling brook, the foaming sea,
The wine cup, each reflects but thee.

A LOVE MATCH

'WHY, friend, these sighs?
I love a girl
Who to my eyes
Is just a pearl.

'You met her, where?
At Brown's to tea;
For I was there
And so was she.

'You hope to win her?
Yes, I do;
A secret amour
Not for show.

'Why don't you marry?
Well, I'm told
That she is rather
Short of gold.

'"You're told" forsooth!
The proverb prove:
A heart that reckons
Knows not love.'

WINGLESS LOVE

FEAR no more the wingéd boy,
  He has spent on me his quiver,
Tortures me in cruel joy,
  Burns my heart nor leaves me ever,
Cast aside his plumage vain
Never more to fly again.

THE RIVALS

YESTERDAY I sat between
  Kate and Flo;
Flo loves me and I love Kate,
I was in a pretty state:
  What was I to do?

Florence quick to me did lean,
  Kissed me so:
Jealous of my other dear
She will tell on us, I fear.
  So what could I do?

I was feeling rather mean,
  Longed to go;
Turned to Kitty like a thief,
Snatched one kiss—'twas all too
    brief—
  That I had to do.

But I'm sure there'll be a scene
  'Twixt the two;
Kisses into trouble lead,
Whether given or received.
  What am I to do?

BEAUTY UNADORNED

THE ROSE no garland needs, nor you
my queen
Proud silken robes and veils of jewelled
sheen;
Pearls cannot match your bosom lying
bare,
Nor gold the glory of your tangled hair.
The burning sapphires of the Indian mine
Before you pale; your eyes more brilliant
shine.
Your close-joined breasts Love's magic
girdle make
And bees their honey from your wet lips
take.
Nay I would never dare before your throne
to come
Save that in those bright eyes soft Hope
still makes his home.

LOVE'S ECLIPSE

ONCE the gayest of the gay
She her castanets would play,
Dance before us in the pride
Of her golden summer tide.

Now she's ill and worn and old,
Gone her lovers, gone her gold,
Those who used to hold her dear
Shrink away to-day in fear.

As the moon in heaven bright
Waxes still with borrowed light,
So to woman comes eclipse
When she is touched by no man's lips.

THE VIRGIN

HER BREASTS my hands, her lips my kisses hold,
Her neck is forage for my passion bold;
But there all ends: no further may I go
Nor ever shall the joy of victory know.
Two queens she serves, a double victim I,
For one is Love and one is Chastity.

LOVE'S VENGEANCE

SHE WHO mocked at my despair,
Tossed the ringlets of her hair,
See her now that beauty's fled,
All her pride discomfited.

Hanging breast, and sunken eye,
Lips that babble foolishly,
Drooping eyebrows, all confess
Age and wrinkled ugliness.

Love a righteous vengeance claims
On the heads of haughty dames,
Gray hairs not to be denied
Are his nemesis for pride.

LOVE'S SEAL

LOVE took his seal and in thy breast
The image of me there impressed;
I in my heart thy picture have
Which that same artist did engrave.
Pluto below, the Sun above
Shall see the witness of my love,
And never, never did I fear
That thou my likeness forth would tear.
So when we to death's judgement come
Thou must endure the traitor's doom.

THE SURPRISE ATTACK

IT FELL one evening hour
  When silence all was keeping,
I stole into the bower
  Where Nellie lay asleeping.

She struggled hard to fly
  Her fingers fiercely tearing,
But soon with plaintive cry
  She begged me to be sparing.

'You've had your will', she sobbed,
  'And stolen all my treasure:
Next week another robbed
  Will weep to make you pleasure.

THE WEDDING VEIL

FOR THEE I bring this coronet,
  For thee my destined bride,
Its hangings bright a gleaming net
  That shall thy beauty hide.

O place it on those locks of gold
  And then thy bosom veil,
Draw close the linen fold on fold
  Over the ivory pale.

More close, more closely let it bind
  Those globes together pressed,
And all about thy body wind
  A cincture for thy breast.

This thou must take while yet a maid,
  But soon a wedded wife
Thou shalt within my arms be laid
  And children bring to life.

Then jewelled head-dress shalt thou wear,
  And I will buy for thee
A band of silver for thy hair
  That all may know who see.

TRUE LOVE

FIE on boys! In women's arms
We shall find more lasting charms.
Nor do I love the hair that shows
All too soon on cheeks of rose.
Youths have lost their beauty when
They begin to look like men.

FALSE PLEASURE

VENUS and her Cupid train
Never smile on me again.
Melt my heart to emptiness
If a youth I e'er caress!

Should to sin my fancy be
Women shall suffice for me;
Nor will I to pleasures fall
That please the sons of Belial.

THE DYING FLAME

AGAIN my lamp is burning dim,
Again the weary wick I trim
  And yet my sweet delays.
By the great queen of love she swore
To-night would see her at my door
  But now she heedless stays.
Ah would the flame that burns my
    breast
Might with my lamp sink soft to
    rest!

TO PHILINNA

AND are you too in pain and do your eyes
Burn with the tears that all unbidden rise?
Or do you lie in slumber soft and deep
And of my love nor thought nor reckoning keep?
Ah, my Philinna, you will suffer yet
And I shall see your cheeks with teardrops wet.
Venus is cruel, but she knoweth how
Beneath her wrath to make a proud maid bow.

THE ACCIDENT

THE REVELS were over,
  The serenade sung,
Above my love's doorway
  My garland I hung.

But just at that moment
  A stream from above
Most deftly directed
  Disastrous did prove.

It flattened my ringlets
  So carefully dressed,
Three days they were meant to
  Remain at their best.

But, mark you, the water
  Which then she did throw,
No chill was to passion
  But set me aglow.

For ere she had flung it
  She filled it with fire,
One touch of her lips, and
  'Twas hot with desire.

TO MELITË

TIME cannot conquer Nature: that I see
Whene'er I look on slender Melite.
What though her years are counted by the score,
What though old age holds wide for her the door!
Her girlish wantonness she still retains,
Her cheeks are bright, the charm of youth remains,
Nor do her eyes forget their ancient art,
One fleeting glance and lo she's snared your heart.

THE MOURNER

CLOSE I held her all the night,
  But she never ceased to grieve
From the hour when softly bright
  Rose the star of eve—

'Cruel, cruel,' was her cry,
  'Harbinger of coming morn,
Soon the night will pass, and I
  Shall be left forlorn'.

Naught is sweet to Passion's slave;
  All too short the hours of sleep;
Would that we such nights might have
  As Cimmerians keep.

ROVING EYES

I LOVE you all, soft body and sweet mind,
Only your roving eyes I think unkind,
And hate the men in whom they pleasure find.

THE KISS-FERRY

THEY would not let me kiss my dear,
So how we tricked them you shall hear.
We stretched her zone from lip to lip
And let our kisses downward slip.
Just as a gardener with his hose
Directs the water as it flows.
She from one end the current sped
I sent a backward tide instead:
Our ferries passed and passed again,
And so we respite found from pain.

LOVE'S UNION

BETHINK thee, love, what joy it is
  When gales of passion blow,
If that fierce ecstasy of bliss
  Two souls united know.

No noise of war, no thought of fear,
  No shame shall make us part,
If once I take my dearest dear
  And clasp her to my heart.

May Vulcan's chains be on us laid
  When that glad hour has come,
Such as he erst in Lemnos made
  Within his smithy home.

Together bound may it be mine
  To press thee in my arms
To feel thy hands about me twine
  And know thy loving charms.

And all who will may see me then,
  Dear mistress of my life,
Strangers or friends or vagrom men,
  My pastor or my wife.

THE TRICK

I WAS anxious to know if my mistress was true,
So I thought of a trick that would test darling Sue.
'I must leave you,' I said 'for a season, my dear,
'Don't forget me too soon, I'll be back in a year.'
At once she leaped up sobbing loud from our bed,
Her hair flying loose and her cheeks flaming red,
And beating her face with a pitiful cry
'Do not leave me' she sobbed 'or I surely shall die.'
So I yielded the point in a stiff sort of way,
And said with an air, 'I suppose I must stay.'
Well, I'm lucky, I think: now her thanks I have won
For a thing I'd in any case gladly have done.

THE ENCHANTED GARLAND

SHE PUT her wreath upon my brow,
And since that day I burn with fire.
So Glauke once was brought, I trow,
By magic to the pyre.

THE TYRANT

THERE IS an old hag to my sorrow I know
Who refuses to die and is worse than a crow;
Though you drench her with wine, though you offer her money
She will not relent and still spies on my honey.
If the darling smiles at me she boxes her ears,
The horrid old wretch, and then laughs at her tears.
O Queen of the Shades, if thou truly didst love
Adonis thy darling sent down from above,
Take pity upon us to bring us relief
And grant to two lovers an end of their grief.
Save us, pray, from the grip of that harridan cruel
Before she can do any harm to my jewel.

THE APPLES (I)

THE OTHER day when none was nigh,
No mother's anxious gaze to spy,
My darling slipped into my bed
A pair of apples rosy red,
And with them secret charms she wove
And lit, methinks, the torch of love.
For while the fruit I listless hold,
I dream my hands her breasts enfold
And from their red a flame had come
That makes beneath my heart its home.

THE APPLES (II)

WERE THEY a token those apples,
  Tokens of love,
Sent from the warmth of thy bosom
  Ardour to prove?
Take all my thanks, dearest maiden, for then
Those apples make me the richest of men.

But if they brought me no promise,
  Sure 'twere a shame
Lightly to kindle my passion
  Nor quench the flame.
Be not more cruel than Telephus found
Spear of the foeman to cure his wound.

A LETTER TO PAUL

HERE the dark earth in summer's embrace warm
Sees the young leaves unfold their verdant charm.
The birds beneath the cypress shade sing sweet
And tender nestlings their soft notes repeat.
The gold finch trills his lay, the turtle dove
Moans from her thicket in the holly grove.
But what delight is mine! I more desire
Your voice than all the notes of Phoebus' lyre.
Two loves beset me, friend; to see thy face,
And once again my darling to embrace,
That young gazelle whose image burns my heart
Though lawyer's parchments keep us still apart.

THE REPLY TO AGATHIAS

FIERCE Love knows naught of Law, and nothing can
Avail, my friend, to sever maid from man.
If labours of the Law hold you apart
The god has found no stronghold in your heart.
Can yours be love, if some few miles of sea
Suffice to keep you from felicity!
The might of love Leander proved of yore
And spite of billows swam to the distant shore,
While you can take the ferry. But I ween
You've left soft Venus for a sterner queen.
Minerva rules the Law and Venus Love;
To one or other you must faithless prove.

STOLEN SWEET

HER JEALOUS nurse lay with my love,
A rampart huge and hard to move,
And safe concealed from prying eyes
The blankets hid my maiden prize;
The door was closed and drunken Nell
Lay stretched across as sentinel.

But what cared I! The latch to lift
And cross the room with footsteps swift
Took but a moment: then I crept
Beside the couch whereon she slept.
The light went out, and in a trice
I found myself in Paradise.

So far that day. The virgin tower
Still virgin stands. But soon the hour
Shall see a martial host intent
Advancing to the battlement.
And when that hour shall victory bring,
Venus, receive my offering.

THE HONEYED DRAUGHT

HER LIPS with honey still are wet;
  Take from them, cup, their milk divine.
I envy not your chance, but yet
  I wish that chance were mine.

KOTTABOS

HARK to the love-splash, my prophetic soul :
The peal that echoes from the stricken bowl.
I know she loves me nor shall doubting fear
If she will come this night and be my dear.
For that will prove her true, and I'll resign
My share to revellers of the falling wine.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT

A LAD knows nothing of the woes
  That we poor lasses bear,
Among his comrades blithe he goes
  And friends his sorrows share.

He has his games, whene'er he please,
  He strolls from street to street,
He finds delight in all he sees,
  His eyes bright colours meet.

But we poor girls are hid away
  We never see the light,
We brood in solitude by day
  And weep alone at night.

We live as though in dungeons sealed
  Where no men ever come:
Unkissed, uncourted, unrevealed,
  Pale prisoners of the home.

TO MARIA

NAY, dear Maria, do not haughty be,
Or Justice yet will take her toll of thee,
A punishment of age instead of death,
Grey hair, cheeks wrinkled, and limbs bent beneath.
Upon thy beauty shall her vengeance fall,
That beauty which has been the cause of all.

NAUGHT IN EXCESS

'NAUGHT in excess', the wise man said;
But I with pride was flown;
My charms, said I, have won the maid,
Her heart is all my own.

But she, it seems, was full of guile,
The girl I thought my slave;
No more she wears that humble smile,
Her looks are stern and grave.

And I have had a cruel fall
Who but now soared so high;
The braggart knight is held in thrall,
His arms defeated lie.

Upon my knees I kiss her dress
And cry as I bend low,
'Forgive my youthful foolishness,
I have learned wisdom now.'

PRIDE BEFORE A FALL

THE BRAGGART fierce with neck held high
And eyebrows all a-frown,
A maiden's plaything see him lie,
His pride to earth cast down.

Once he did think in angry spite
To crush the virgin fair,
To-day himself, unhappy wight,
He grovels in despair.

He like a girl laments and weeps
And bends with prostrate knee,
While she a man's fierce temper keeps
Nor hears his suppliant plea.

O valiant maid, some mercy show
Now he thy captive is:
Just is thy wrath, but thou dost know
The might of Nemesis.

THE PILGRIM

THOUGH to the South thou takest flight
To farthest shores of Meroe,
Winged Love will come with wingéd might
And bear me on to thee ;

And if to Eastern lands thou sail,
Thy cheeks more red than Eastern skies,
I'll follow still nor ever fail
Until I reach my prize.

THE PEARL

TAKE, gracious maid, this ocean prize
  Which the sea-goddess sends to thee
For tribute: vanquished by thine eyes
  The Cyprian yields her sovranty.

THE CYNIC'S WAY

'HOW shall I make my way to Love's domain?'
Many the roads, but all are fraught with pain.
If in the streets you take the harlot's lure
Her endless greed for gold you must endure,
While if you go into a maiden's bed
The law awaits you, either pay or wed.
Adultery is sin, as gross as when
Men seek to find love's pleasure among men.
'Well, what of marriage?'—Ah beware, my boy;
Love is a business there and not a joy.
'A servant, then?' Well, if she lives at home,
You'll find that she your mistress has become.
If she's another man's, the law says, nay
A trespass on your neighbour's right of way.
'That only leaves the widow!'—Yes, 'tis true:
And amours with a widow you will rue.
The wanton dames each man for lover try
And know too well the arts of harlotry.

THE CYNIC'S WAY—*continued*

Those that are modest scarcely will consent,
Stung by remorse, their loveless punishment.
They hate the deed accomplished and are fain
To break love's bonds and single be again.
'Is there no way then that a man may take,
And so at last Love's haven safely make?'
Why, yes; remember what the wise man says,—
'Be self-sufficient, friend, in all your ways.'

THE ARREST

THE NOISE of shouting strikes my ear,
The tramp of hurrying feet I hear,
  They've caught him on the way.
Venus, the men whose hearts he burned
Fiercely upon young Love have turned:
  How can you heedless stay!

AT LAST

THE CLUSTERS green refused my suit,
Nor might I taste the ripened fruit,
Now that your grapes are dry and sear
Perchance my vows you'll deign to hear.

THE KISS

I HAVE drunk deep of love: last night
she came
And with her kisses set my soul aflame.
Such fragrant nectar even gods above
May scarcely know: I have drunk deep
of love.

THE ACID TEST

WITH jealous tears your eyes are wet,
  You kiss and squeeze, you gaze and
    sigh:
But when I say, 'I'm waiting yet'
  Behold Love's flood falls strangely dry.

A PICTURE

THIS is a Spartan river fair
With Leda in her underwear
  And Zeus in masquerade.
Ye little Loves who lure me on,
What bird shall I become? A swan?
  A goose, I am afraid.

OVERTURE

HERE, wait for a minute: stay, pretty one, stay,
And tell me your name and your lodging, I pray;
Whatever you ask I will willingly pay.

What, have you a lover? Still dumb? No reply?
I'll send my man with you to find where you lie;
Good-bye, my proud beauty: what, not say good-bye!

You won't shake me off by one rebuff or two;
I know how to break wilder fillies than you,
And I'll tame you, my dear. For the moment—adieu.

THE BRIGAND

LOVE is a restless brigand; that you'll own:
He heeds no law and strips men to the bone.

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